

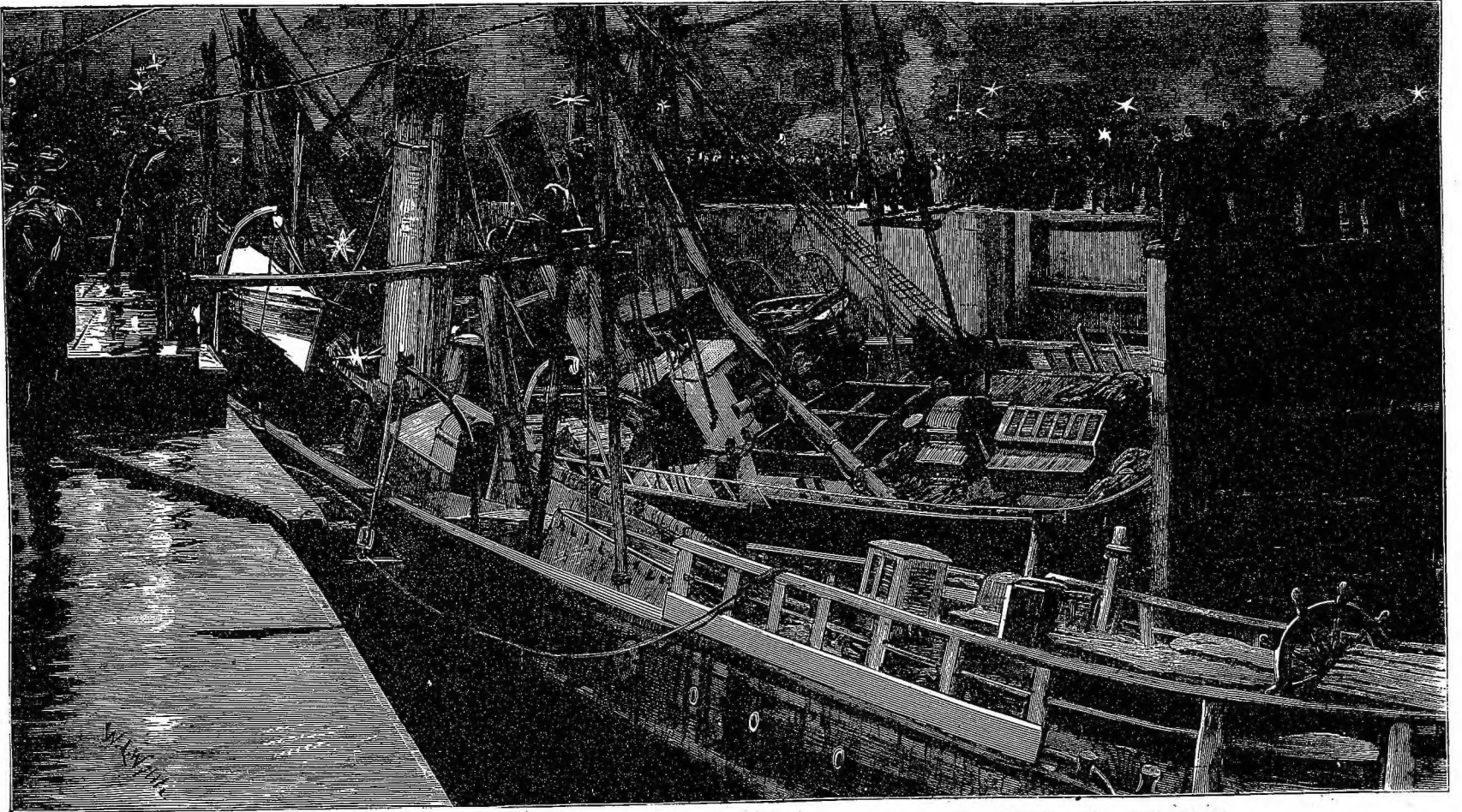
THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

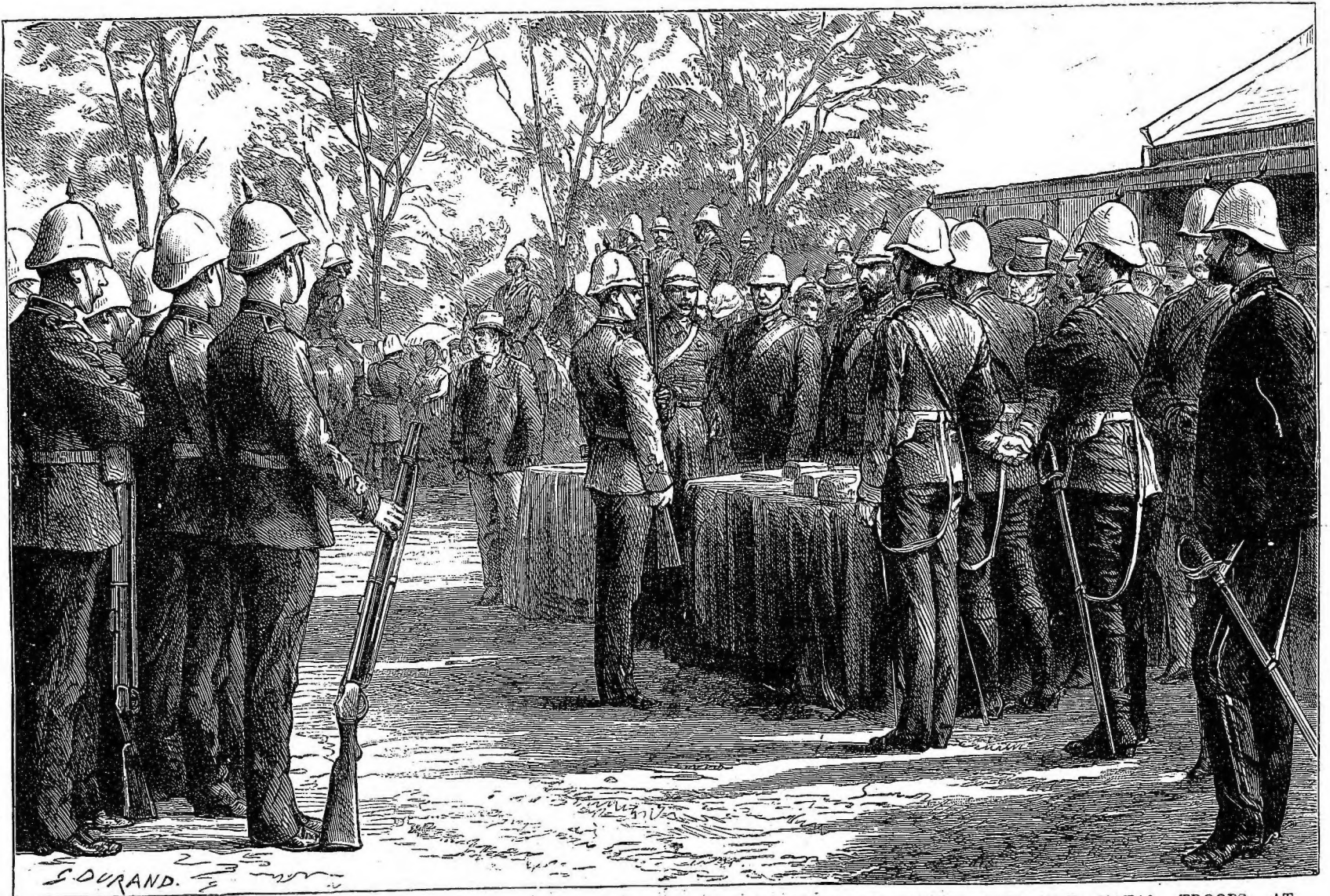
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COLLISION OF THE S.S. "CONSTANCIA" AND "PRIMUS" IN DOCK AT NEWPORT



THE LATE ZULU WAR — DISTRIBUTION OF MEDALS TO THE FIFTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT AND THE NATAL TROOPS AT MARITZBURG BY SIR EVELYN WOOD

Topics of the Week

MINISTERIAL VACATION SPEECHES.—Politicians no longer hibernate, as of yore; they are wide-awake and full of chatter all through the year; Parliamentary debates are continuous, with this difference merely, that out of Session the various parties do not assemble under the same roof. In his speech at Burton-on-Trent Sir Henry James pleaded that, instead of wearying at this innovation, the constituencies were delighted with it. This statement is true to a certain extent. To many, perhaps to most people, politics are a relaxation from the graver business of life, and there is such a curiosity to see a public man and to hear him speak, that any Cabinet Minister, and perhaps even any tolerably fluent M.P., could command a full audience if he went about the country speaking day by day without intermission. But those who only see the great man's lucubrations in type, and who are uninfluenced by the spell of his bodily presence, do sometimes, we fancy, feel a little bored by all this oratory. This weariness, perhaps, affects them all the more if the speaker happens to be a member of the Cabinet, as then they feel bound to wade through a solid mass of small print, for fear of missing some important statement. But, besides these holiday-critics, there is a minority of persons who regard politics seriously, and who hold that a Cabinet Minister should be a man of thought and action rather than of talk, and that his proper place, out of Parliament, is at the desk, and not on the stump. Grave-minded persons of this type ask what possible benefit is derivable from such speeches as those which Sir William Harcourt scatters broadcast during the vacation. His addresses abound with boisterous animal spirits, they are studded all over with "cheers" and "laughter," and no doubt such a specimen as that which was reported in Monday's papers found numerous readers, but they really rise very little above the level of electioneering squibs, and are therefore scarcely consonant with the dignity which should attach to high office. On the other hand, the recent addresses of Mr. Childers were of a far higher and more commendable quality, because, instead of dealing in partisan thrusts and barren recriminations, they afforded some insight into the plans of the department over which Mr. Childers presides. Now that Parliament is about to reassemble, honourable members would do well to atone for their vacation floods of oratory by beginning an era of five-minute speeches. If a man will but consider carefully beforehand what he wants to say, he can pack a great deal into a very short space.

A DIVIDED PARTY.—It suits Liberal speakers to pretend that there is no real division of opinion among the followers of Mr. Gladstone, but this contention is by no means supported by facts. While the Irish Land Bill was passing through Parliament, the Whigs showed on several occasions that they thoroughly disliked its most essential provisions, and they have certainly not been conciliated by the manner in which the Act has been enforced. It is improbable that their discontent will find full expression in the immediate future, but Mr. Gladstone is, no doubt, well aware that they are watching his proceedings with a vague sense of uneasiness and alarm. What may be still more important, however, is the fact that a large section of the Radicals seem to be no better pleased than the Whigs. Nobody who confined his political reading to the *Daily News* would guess that this is so; but a truer indication of the tendencies of the extreme Radical wing is to be found in journals which circulate almost exclusively among the working classes. If we may trust these organs of opinion, there are many Radicals whose hopes have been entirely disappointed by the Ministry. They were displeased by the Land Bill, not because it went too far, but because it did not go far enough; and they are bitterly opposed to the policy of coercion in Ireland. Mr. Joseph Cowen is separated from his old friends by his opinions about the Eastern Question; but in regard to Ireland he unquestionably represents an important class who have not the same means as the comparatively moderate Radicals of attracting the attention of the world. This class is not less opposed to Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy than to his policy at home. It contends that we have no more right to intervene for the defence of Egypt than for the defence of Constantinople. What we should have to do if our authority in India were in obvious danger, the extreme Radicals do not say; but in the mean time they plainly think that we ought to hold aloof altogether from foreign complications, and attend only to what they call "our own business." These differences in the Liberal party may not prevent united action for a time, but they are too deep not to assert themselves openly sooner or later. It would be strange if, in the event of a general election, they did not directly and indirectly give some advantage to the Tories.

LAND AND SCHOOL IN VICTORIA.—The United States have perhaps been too long sundered from British influences to afford much analogy as to our own future probable condition, but some insight into that which may come to pass hereafter in England may be gained from an inspection of our colonies, especially our Australasian colonies. In these we have a series of antipodal reproductions of the mother country, save that they bask in a hotter sun, and are not burdened in their career of progress by hereditary aristocracies or Established Churches. Still their condition, or at

least the condition of one of them, Victoria, is not altogether satisfactory. It is scarcely a healthy symptom that, in a colony not yet fifty years old, nearly one-third of the population should be crowded into the metropolis. In the early days of the diggings it used to be said that if the lands were freed from the squatters' grasp the country would be dotted over with small cultivators. We do not say that the policy of unlocking the lands has been altogether a failure, but it is certain that in too many instances the much-eulogised "free selector" proves a "fraud." He selects, not because he means to farm, but that he may resell at a profit to the run-holder. Thus, after alienating the bulk of the national domain, the Government find that the Radical land policy has ended in converting the great leaseholders into giant landed proprietors. Next, as regards the schools. Victoria, with a population of about 900,000, spends 600,000*l.* a year on Education. This sounds enterprising, but there are drawbacks. The street Arab manages to shirk school, while the well-to-do artisans, who could well afford to pay for their children's teaching, benefit by the tax levied on the whole community. Children of three are sent to school, not because they learn anything, but because the school serves as a *crèche*, and saves parents trouble. But the worst of this educational system appears to be that it disinclines young men and women for the hard, heavy work which in new countries is so essential. They all want to be clerks and governesses, shopmen and shopwomen, so these businesses are overcrowded; while handicraftsmen, domestic servants, and labourers are scarce, and command proportionately high wages.

CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS IN GERMANY.—Prince Bismarck has created much excitement by addressing the national representatives in the Reichstag in a tone of furious anger. The German Liberals have, no doubt, good reason to complain of his wild charges against them, and even his friends would hardly say that his outburst of wrath was either prudent or dignified. At the same time he made admissions which seem to indicate that the Royal Rescript was not, after all, a very important document. He toned down the emphatic statement as to the duty of officials. They were bound, he said, to refrain from agitating actively against the King's policy; but he expressly asserted that the Government had no intention of interfering with their right of voting. As to the general relation of Ministers to the Sovereign, he defended the doctrine set forth in the Rescript; and there can be little doubt that on this point his opinions are in exact accordance with the Constitution. The real difficulty was to determine whether he meant to set aside the Constitution, executing his social reforms whether Parliament approved of them or not. He assured the Reichstag that there would be no Constitutional struggle, and if his statements were sincere the Liberals have excellent reasons to congratulate themselves, his fierce denunciations of them notwithstanding. Perhaps he never even thought of restoring the methods of absolutism; but if he did, the chances are that the Emperor refused to enter upon a dangerous conflict. He may secure the triumph of his semi-Socialistic policy by some unforeseen manipulation of parties; but a victory obtained in that way would, of course, be perfectly legitimate, and the Liberals would have no alternative but to submit to it. What they ask is simply "a fair field, and no favour," and it appears highly probable that this right is not at present to be suspended.

PADDINGTON PARK.—We think the Metropolitan Board of Works have shown a lack of the true municipal spirit in refusing to co-operate in the purchase of the land for the proposed park at Paddington. A park in a great city is emphatically "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever;" it benefits not only the existing generation, but all the generations that follow, it considerably enhances the value of all the adjacent property, and, moreover, it is one of those boons which is irrecoverable if the opportunity for its bestowal be lost. This little oasis of eighty acres is already surrounded by the ever-advancing tide of bricks and mortar, and will soon be swallowed up. In such a case as this the Board of Works, which is the only body possessing powers over such an extensive area, ought to exercise a wise boldness, and determine on an improvement which more or less directly will benefit every Londoner. Our population is always shifting about, and many persons who now live a long way from the proposed improvement may hereafter become dwellers in Paddington. If the old Royal Parks are considered worthy of a grant from the national taxes, as being designed for the enjoyment both of residents in and visitors to London, surely a new park, although in a western suburb, may fairly enough be purchased by the contributions of the entire metropolis.

LAND AND OTHER PROPERTY.—It is impossible even to glance through the newspapers without being struck by the prominence which is now given in political discussion to "the land question." A few years ago the most enthusiastic "land reformers" did not ask more than that farmers should obtain compensation for unexhausted improvements, and that Parliament should remove all artificial restrictions on the transfer of land. Now, however, these seem to be moderate demands. No precise scheme of drastic change in regard to the land has yet been seriously proposed; but political theorists often give expression to a vague doctrine that property in land is essentially different from all other property,

and we hear from time to time of a coming period when the State will dispose of the soil in the manner that is thought to be best suited to the interests of the community. These notions are most freely discussed in the great manufacturing cities, and wealthy mill-owners who also happen to be vehement Radicals sometimes indulge in a bitter sneer at the expense of their rivals, the landowners. Many principles are, of course, involved in the question, but rich people whose capital is not invested in land would do well to ask themselves in time whether they are quite sure that the distinction between the two kinds of property can be maintained. Foreign Socialists certainly do not think that it can. What they assert is that capital has been amassed at the expense of the working classes, who are held to have been at all times shamefully underpaid for their labour. Hence, say the Socialists, the working classes would be perfectly justified, if they had the chance, in resuming property which is really their own. These terrible logicians even manifest a more intense hatred of manufacturers than of landlords, who, they think, have been on the whole the kindest and most considerate class of employers. There is not much talk of this kind in England as yet, but who can tell how soon we may hear it if we disturb the bases on which property of all kinds has been hitherto supposed to rest?

COAL UNDER LONDON.—Many years since an idea prevailed that there was coal at Blackheath, and some futile endeavours were made to obtain it. In 1872 an attempt of a similar character, but much more scientifically carried out, was made at Battle, in Sussex. A depth of 1,800 feet was reached, and then the scheme collapsed, faith for the production of further funds being wanting. The subject has now been revived by Professor Judd, who asserts as a recognised scientific opinion that the Bristol coal-basin and those of Belgium and Westphalia are continuous, and that therefore, at a certain depth, coal measures are to be found in the South-Eastern counties of England, and thus close to, if not actually under, London. And as the diamond-drill brings up a solid core of the strata through which it passes, it is easier now to judge of the nature of rocks far away underground than it was with the old boring system. Some persons, therefore, are sanguine that before long the Home Counties will supply their own coal. Is it wrong to express a fervent hope that they won't? There is enough coal in the North and the West and the Midlands to last us for a long time to come, especially if we would be less wasteful. And when we think how South Lancashire and parts of Warwickshire and Staffordshire have been befouled and disfigured by coal-mining and its kindred industries, we do hope that the South-East may long remain a region of pasture and agriculture.

THE JEWS.—It is satisfactory to learn that public meetings are shortly to be held in London, Birmingham, Liverpool, and elsewhere, to express the horror with which Englishmen regard the outrages on the Jews in Russia. We may hope that a prominent part will be taken in these meetings by some of the speakers who were most active in denouncing the Bulgarian atrocities. They will thus give the most effective proof that their detestation of the cruelties of the Bashi-Bazouks sprang wholly from a sentiment of humanity; and we may be sure that their voices will be more readily listened to in Russia than those of any other English politicians. It may be considered almost certain that the British Government could not prudently intervene; but a speech from Mr. Gladstone, delivered with half the fervour which he exhibited in the agitation against the Turks, would probably produce a strong impression on the minds of Russian statesmen. Meanwhile, this hideous persecution ought not to be without effect on the people who talk freely against the Jews in other countries besides Russia. The Jew-baiters of Germany have now an opportunity of seeing what is made of their doctrines when "the anti-Semitic movement" is joined by the mob. Nobody, probably, has been more horrified by these crimes than Professor Treitschke; yet the Russian persecutors would say that they have only given effect to his high, abstract principles. Even in England, as was shown by the recent article of Professor Goldwin Smith (which was translated with approval by Russian newspapers), there is a considerable survival, not only among common folk but among "superior persons," of the old anti-Jewish feeling. It is asserted by those who share this vile sentiment—a true relic of barbarism—that the Jews excite hostility by their exclusiveness and by the general character of their employments. It seems to be forgotten that the Jews have been profoundly influenced by the unfair treatment they have received at the hands of so-called Christians.

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THE DOCK ACCIDENT AT NEWPORT, MONMOUTH

THIS disaster, which was of such an extraordinary character as to be almost without a parallel in the annals of any port in the United Kingdom, occurred on the 10th inst. The *Constancia*, a Spanish steamer, was the first to enter the lock of the Old Dock. She was berthed on the east side, and soon after the *Primus*, of Whitby, followed, but had not cleared the gates before the two ships got firmly wedged together. All efforts to free them, by steaming in opposite directions and by hauling with hawsers, were unavailing. The ultimate result was that, as the tide went out, the *Constancia*, the larger of the vessels, heeled over upon the *Primus*, crushing through her side, and straining her in such a way that, during the next day, she continued to break up, each fracture sounding like the report of heavy ordnance. The *Constancia* did not suffer so much; although she was so greatly damaged that the tide flowed in and out of her hold. Both vessels were laden with iron, and after this has been removed the boilers and engines will have to be taken out preparatory to raising the wrecks and clearing the lock, which forms the sole means of exit from the Old Dock, in which nearly one hundred steamers and sailing vessels were thus beleaguered, so that the demurrage claims upon the Dock Company will be very heavy. It is difficult to account for the accident, especially as it is stated that both ships were in charge of Newport pilots. On the morning of Tuesday last the *Primus* was floated out amid the huzzas of the dock men, sailors, and others present, so complete a wreck, however, was she, that she sank before they could beach her on the bank of the river. The *Constancia* was floated and taken into the dock a day or two previously.—Our engraving is from a photograph sent to us by Mr. R. T. Johns, Queen's Buildings, Baneswell Road, Newport.

ROUND THE WORLD YACHTING.—VI.

PALERMO was reached by the *Ceylon* on November 25th. Our sketch depicts the port from the spot where the passengers landed. They found Palermo a delightful change from Naples and Genoa in the way of cleanliness and freshness. The day was spent in driving to Mourcole to see a very gorgeous church in the Moorish style, along a road with pickets of soldiers every 200 yards, to protect the travellers from brigands. On December 1st the *Ceylon* arrived off the Piræus, and next day, taking an early train, the passengers visited Athens, of which, of course, the Acropolis was the centre of attraction. The Market-place at Athens is of a semi-Oriental character, the apertures overhead between the booths being roughly boarded over, or closed by old canvas. The Port of Piræus presented more subjects than Athens for an artist's pencil, the quay being lively with porters constantly engaged in loading and unloading the boats which lie alongside. The porters are of sturdy build, but not otherwise very prepossessing. Another sketch shows a merchant's stall of fruit, being the cargo of the boat by which the stall was erected, the owner evidently finding it more profitable to sell by retail. At all the markets men are the only sellers; the passengers saw not a single individual of the softer sex in Athens, and only one at the Piræus, and she was old, wrinkled, and bearded,



as *vide sketch*. After this experience, one feels, despite fogs and east winds, that London must be infinitely preferable to Athens. The last advices by letter concerning the *Ceylon* inform us that at Bombay she went into dry dock to have her bottom cleaned from the grass and weeds which had grown upon it in the Levant. By telegraph we have news of her arrival at Calcutta on January 22nd.

DISTRIBUTION OF ZULU WAR MEDALS AT MARITZBURG

OUR engraving represents the distribution at Maritzburg by Sir Evelyn Wood of war medals for gallant conduct in the Zulu War. The men thus honoured numbered 450, and were drawn up in the Market Square of the town. The majority belonged to the 58th Regiment, whose members mustered 350, the Natal Carbineers, Maritzburg Rifles, and the Natal Mounted Police. In his opening address Sir E. Wood referred to the gallant conduct of the 58th at Ulundi, one wing being in the historic square, and by "its resolute bearing against the dark masses of our brave-foes sustained well the credit of a corps whose colours have been triumphantly borne for over a century at Gibraltar, through Egypt, and throughout the Peninsula." These colours, we may add, were taken to the table by Colour-Sergeant Bridgman, who received his medal for carrying them out of action in the disaster which befell the regiment at Laing's Nek, when he took them from the hands of a wounded officer, and rode with them to a place of safety. This was the last occasion on which the colours of a British regiment will be carried out of action, as according to the new regulations they will not be taken into the scene of combat. Sir E. Wood highly praised the conduct of the Newcastle Rifles and Natal Carbineers, so many of whom fought and fell with the utmost bravery at Isandlwana. "The record of what Colonist soldiers

did," he continued, "is there in silence and death, but none the less a living record, now, ay, and for ever." Each man received the medal from Sir E. Wood, and with the Carbineers there proudly stepped up two well-known native chiefs, Zantje and Tetelaka, on whose breasts the General himself pinned on the medals. Carlineer Barker, who specially distinguished himself at Isandlwana and during the retreat gave up his horse to a wounded officer, was also particularly noted by the General. Next came the Natal Mounted Police, to whom Sir E. Wood addressed a few special words, alluding to the fact that a number had been found dead at Isandlwana. The medal is silver, bearing on one side the figure of a lion, with the inscription "South Africa," and on the other the Queen's head, with the words "Victoria Regina." The ribbon is orange and blue, and each man's name is inscribed on the medal.

PROGRESS IN THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.—XVIII.

BLACKFOOT CROSSING

AFTER the Pow-wow (represented in a previous engraving) the Indians rapidly dispersed, and made for the ford on the Bow River, which has its name from them—Blackfoot Crossing. The sun was fast setting, the water at deepest was about up to the knees of the riders, so that toilets had to be arranged on the bank. Go-to-meeting moccasins and leggings were pulled off, and blankets were tucked into studded belts. They were all in high glee that the talking was over. Ponies were urged down the steep bank with vehement heel, pulled by the cruel thong round the under jaw, and lashed by the short Indian scourge. And the ponies were of all colours, pintos, roans, chestnuts, duns, buckskins, and whites. Many had to bear two braves in all their war paint at once, and sometimes, when once over the brink of the bank, to bear the shock of the second brave, who took a kind of "fly-the-garter" leap upon their haunches.

Nor were the riders all braves or bucks, as they are called. There were squaws amongst them, not to be distinguished from their lords in manner of riding. A big ear-ring, a beaded jacket under the blanket, or a pappose in it behind, would betray them. We were so lucky, Captain Perceval and I, as to see even the great chief, Crow-Foot, and his lady take the water, which they did like the others, passing along the golden Broadway that led to the setting sun.

S. P. H.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT LERWICK

LERWICK, the capital of the Shetland Islands, is a little town of about 3,500 inhabitants. It is of comparatively modern origin. Its first house was built only some two hundred years ago. But the advantages of its position, its fine and landlocked harbour, formed by the island of Bressay, which faces the bay on which the town stands, its ready access from both north and south, and the amenity of its situation, were in its favour; and it rapidly supplanted Scalloway, the old capital of the islands, and now a small and unimportant village on the west side. The harbour of Lerwick—the Sound of Bressay, as it is called—presents during the whole of the year, except for a few of the winter months, a very lively appearance. In March its waters are covered with the Dundee whaling fleet, who stop here to make up their complement of men. In early summer it is filled with the quaint boats of the Dutch fishing fleet, and the streets of the foreign-looking little town are crowded, even to repletion, with the white-petticoated, loose blue-trousered, and wooden-shoed fishermen of Holland. In summer it is full of yachts and pleasure-boats, for of late years Shetland has become fashionable as a summer resort for amateur sailors. Once a year the Lerwick Boating Club has its regatta, and as almost every Lerwegian who can afford it has his pleasure boat, the scene is one of great life and animation.

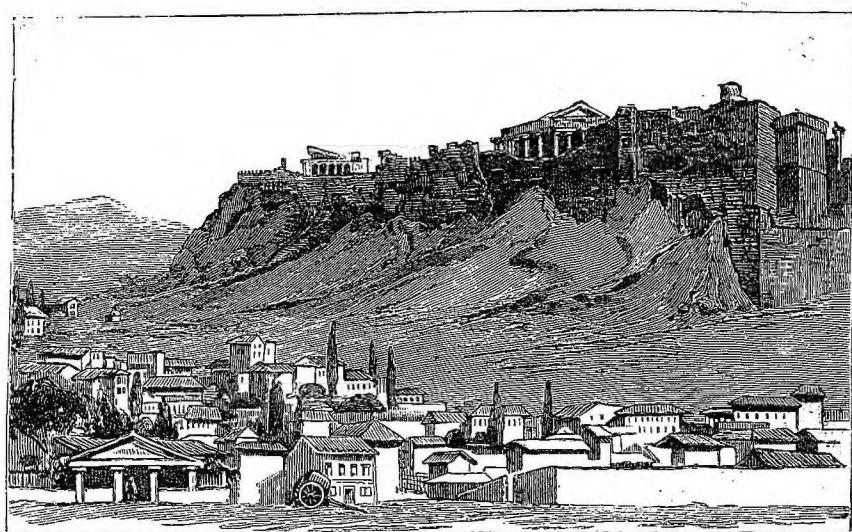
The town of Lerwick has a peculiarly old-world appearance. The gables of the houses project into the sea. The streets are paved, and so narrow in some places that a single cart can with difficulty thread them. The older part of the town lies along the shore, and follows the turn of the bay. Here are all the merchants' offices, the principal shops, the two banks, the Post-office, reading-room, museum, &c. Above this, on an elevated ridge, known by the name of the Hill-head, is the New Town. On this are situated all the churches, the better class of villas and merchants' residences, Fort Charlotte, and the County buildings. Here also is to be erected the new Town Hall and municipal buildings, the foundation stone of which was laid by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh.

This building, the plans of which were prepared by Mr. Alexander Ross, the eminent architect of Inverness Cathedral, is itself a proof of the intelligent energy which distinguishes the Shetland character. The works are being carried through by a Limited Company, whose object is to provide a hall sixty feet long, thirty feet wide, and twenty-four feet high, suitable for public meetings and entertainments, and a court room and municipal buildings for the borough magistrates. The internal decoration of the main hall is intended to be illustrative of the ancient history of the islands. The Earl of Morton, whose family were for long the "superiors" of Shetland, is expected to contribute a stained-glass window, and the Committee who have undertaken the collection of funds for this purpose are hopeful of obtaining contributions from other royal and noble houses who have at various times been connected with the islands.

H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh arrived at Lerwick in the yacht *Lively* on Tuesday. Four hundred of the Reserve were drawn up in line, extending from Fort Charlotte to the Custom House Pier. As soon as the Duke went ashore, the inspection began, the men going through manual and firing exercises, followed by company drill. The Duke was pleased with the efficiency of the men, and with the appearance of the armoury and buildings. He then laid the foundation stone of the new Town Hall.

Up to the fifteenth century the Shetland Islands belonged to the Crown of Norway, and the population are still essentially Norse in their characteristics. They pride themselves on their Viking descent, and the fact that the Royal Prince who has laid the foundation stone of their Town Hall is through his mother a lineal descendant of the ancient Earls of Orkney and Shetland, deriving as he does his descent, through the Dukes of Normandy, from old Rolf the Ganger, who was Earl of Orkney before he went further south to found Rolf's-town (Rouen), is enough to obtain for him a cordial welcome to these distant, but far from inhospitable, shores. The southern stranger walking through the paved streets of old Lerwick, with their shops full of Fair Isle hosiery—a legacy, it is said, from the Spanish Armada—has some difficulty in realising the fact that he is not in a foreign country. The Norse names over the shop-doors, the *patois* of the people, even the peculiarities of their dress, are unlike anything to be seen in other parts of Scotland. Women, with their straw "keyshies," laden with peat from the hill, their feet encased in sandals of untanned hide called "rivlins," and knitting as they go along; bearded men, with the clear-cut features which denote their Scandinavian descent, carrying circular dillock nets over their shoulders; the houses hung with "blown" fish, a Shetland delicacy; shaggy ponies from distant "scattalds" on their way to be shipped off to the Northumberland coal mines, give a picturesque quaintness to the scene which is wanting in more southerly and perhaps more favoured localities.

The industries of Shetland are its herring fishery, and its "haaf," or deep-sea home fishing, and the unexampled prosperity of both these branches of trade during the last few years is perhaps the cause and origin of its New Town Hall. Fifty thousand barrels of herrings were the result of last season's enterprise, a figure unsurpassed in the annals of the islands, except on one occasion, and that forty years ago. In addition to these two industries, a considerable start has



THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS



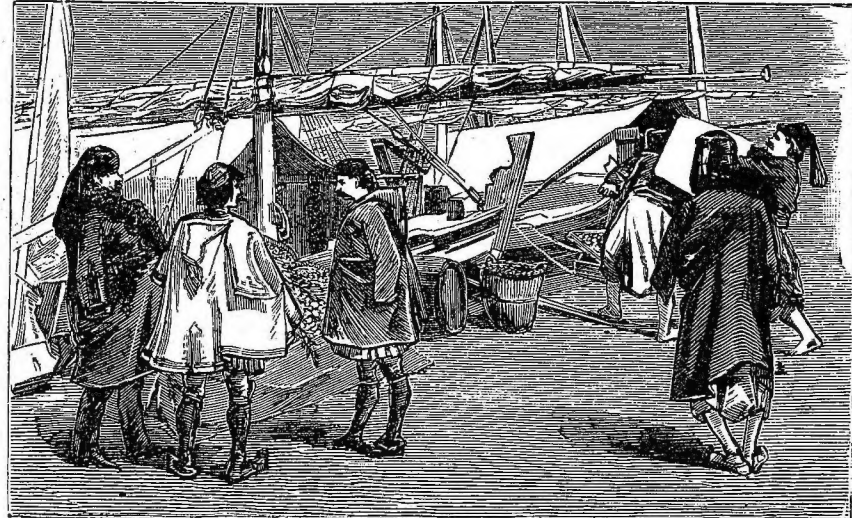
GREEK PORTERS, PIRÆUS



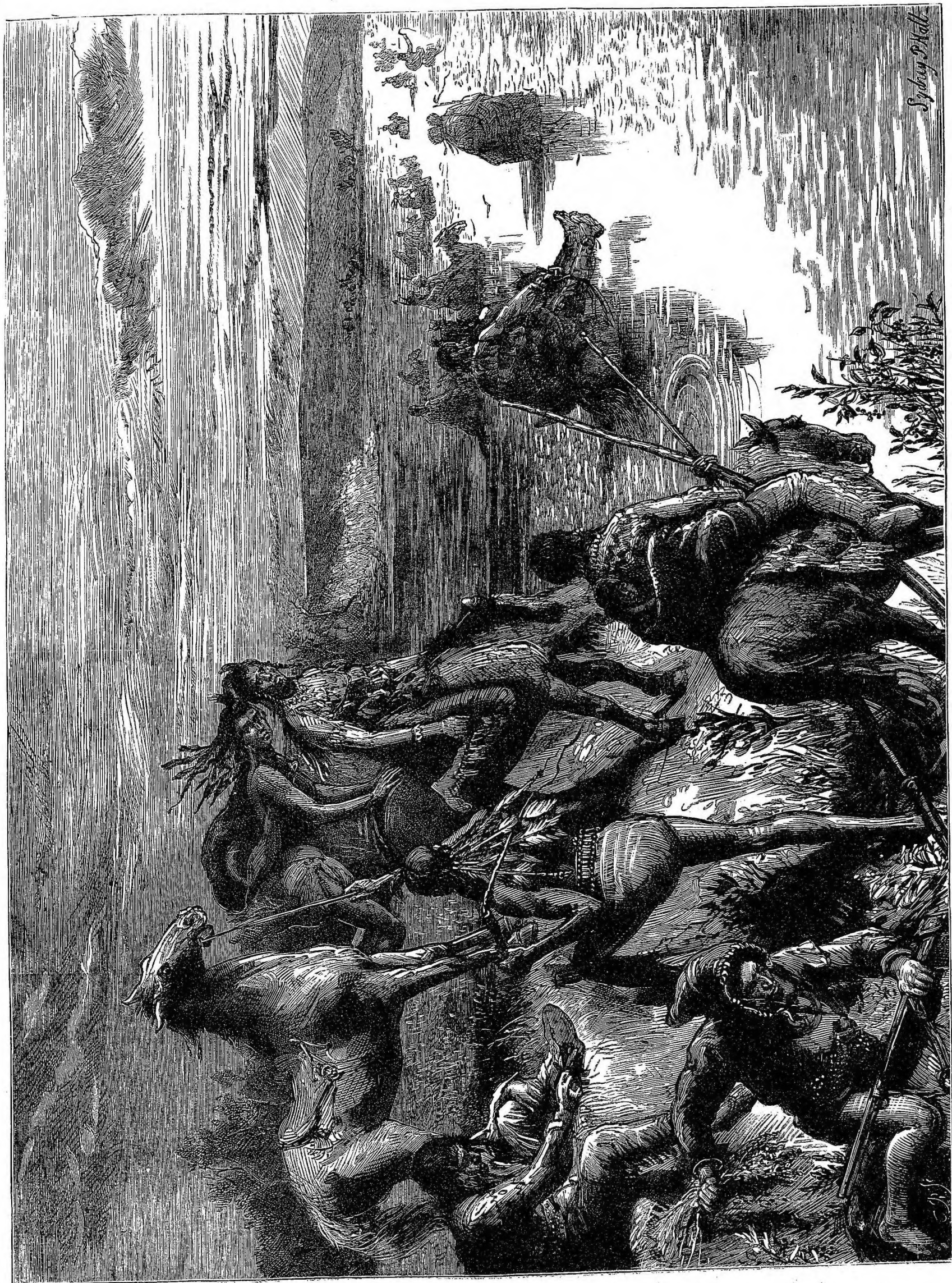
PALERMO



IN THE MARKET, ATHENS



SELLING FRUIT, PIRÆUS



IN THE GREAT NORTH-WEST WITH THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, XVIII. — BLACKFOOT CROSSING
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL

been made in the way of supplying fresh fish to the English market. But the industries of Shetland have their dark side as well, and we take this opportunity of calling attention to the Shetland Fishermen's Widows' Relief Fund, which was established in December last, under the patronage of the Earl of Zetland, in consequence of the terrible disaster of the 20th July, when ten fishing boats and their crews were lost, leaving thirty-four widows, eighty-five children, and fourteen other dependents totally destitute. Subscriptions or donations will be gratefully received by Mr. Alexander Mitchell, of Lerwick, the Secretary to the Fund.

"MARION FAY"

MR. TROLLOPE'S New Story, illustrated by W. Small, is continued on page 81.

MR. PLANTAGENET TROT AND HIS DOGS

MR. PLANTAGENET TROT, an ardent but not too successful sportsman, has hired some shooting, and has applied to two eminent dog dealers to send him, the one a setter, the other a pointer. They arrive with the highest recommendations. He tries the setter first, and kills a brace of birds over him, but finds him unsteady with "fur." The "Tired Dog," the "Luncheon," and "Result of the Dog's Meal" are self-explanatory. Mr. P. Trot now sends for the pointer, and is delighted with his steady point, but it is at emphatically ground game. The flock of horned sheep prove too much for the dog's nerves, and, indeed, for Mr. P. Trot's, for such a *fiasco* may mean 30% or 40% out of his pocket. He now determines to shoot without any dog at all, but having by ill luck dropped his spectacles, and being dreadfully shortsighted, he mistakes a young light-coloured pig for a big hare. Great is his dismay at his successful shot, and still greater when he finds himself pursued by the enraged mamma pig, and has to run for dear life. His sleep after this somewhat exciting day is not improved by the serenade under his window. Again and again he leans out to shout at the dogs, but he is not the only one whose sweet sleep is disturbed. The cook from the room above, frantic with the noise of the howling of the dogs and the shouting of Mr. P. Trot, launches out the contents of a jug of water—which are meant for the dogs, but which hit Mr. P. Trot on the head, and finish his discomfiture.

NOTES AT SUNGAN, SOUTHERN AFGHANISTAN

"THE Murree Hills, in Southern Afghanistan, are peculiarly sterile," writes Lieutenant G. D. Giles, to whom we are indebted for the sketches. "Stones, and stones only, are their covering, and it was perhaps the pleasing contrast afforded by the small patches of cultivation and the green rush-grown oases of the little Valley of Sungan, that caused it to be chosen as the place for sending some 5,000 transport animals to graze during the summer months. The word 'grazing' for cattle suggests pastures of rich grass and clover; but no such pastures does Sungan possess. What grows there is (or was rather) in patches, in places which had been formerly cultivated, or on the banks of the small irrigation channels which here and there intersect the valley. Five thousand cattle made short work of this, and the grass round the camp being eaten up, they had to journey further afield to find more, each day increasing the length of their journey, at the same time proportionately decreasing the amount of grass to be found at the end of it. This, strange to say, did not seem to agree with them, and after a short time of it, the once hearty bullock wandered about but a shadow of his former greatness.

"The bullock-drivers, on the other hand, not having to find their food in such a way, but receiving liberal rations, seemed to thrive wonderfully well, and became quite round and well-to-do, some requiring umbrellas to protect their forms from the sun.

"In a camp where there are some 4,000 natives, and among them some, or rather many, shady characters, it is no easy matter to keep up discipline, and would be quite impossible without the aid of the 'striking features' of the camp, which form the subject of one of my sketches.

"After-dinner amusements were not many for the four or five officers chance threw together in a place like Sungan. A campaigning kit hardly allowed of a billiard-table, and somehow a pack of cards was not forthcoming. The idea of putting some of the numerous and extraordinary insects which crowded round the camp under a glass, and seeing them fight, was hailed with delight; and the sight of a good set-to between a large spider and a pugilistic insect of the grasshopper tribe afforded much excitement. The pleasure of riding was in a great measure spoiled by the swarms of flies which, attacking man and horse, made the latter mutely protest by kicking at them, and the former do so equally vainly but more audibly."

"PETS OF AN EASTERN PALACE"

THIS pretty study of Tunisian life is from the picture exhibited last year at the Royal Academy by Mr. H. H. Johnston. The pets are flamingoes, gazelles, and doves, to say nothing of the fair damsel and the child in the background. The main features of the marble entablatures and the general arrangement of the scene, the artist tells us, was taken from the deserted Palace of Khairredin Pasha, at Manouba, since, alas! converted into a French barracks. The interior was of great beauty, and the entire building dates probably from some more flourishing epoch of Saracenic architecture than now prevails in Tunis. "The idea of the picture," he continues, "was taken from the charming household of His Excellency Sidi Bakkoush (formerly Minister for Foreign Affairs), who kindly allowed me to make sketches in his palace at Aricana."

CROSSING THE INDUS AT ATTOCK

FOR the last 2,000 years, ever since Alexander the Great crossed the Indus at Attock with an army of 135,000 men, the river has been traversed at this point by all the Northern invaders of India either by means of a bridge of boats or by rafts. Hitherto our Britishers, also, have contented ourselves with a similar makeshift. A bridge of this kind does very well for ordinary traffic during the winter months, but when the river rises in May, owing to the melting of the snows, the bridge has to be dismantled, and for four months the only means of crossing is by ferry. There is a tunnel under the bed of the river; but, although large sums of money have been expended on it, it has never been of any practical use, and is now full of water.

In a few months, however, the new railway from Attock to Peshawar will be opened, and in connection with this line a permanent bridge is being built, but owing to the great physical difficulties it is not likely to be finished for two years.

In the mean time the rolling stock for the Peshawar extension must be got across while the river is low, and one of the sketches (by Captain E. Walsh, R.A.) shows an engine just ready to start on the raft. The operation is one of no slight difficulty, owing to the rapidity of the current as well as to the weight of the engine—35 tons.

ARABI PASHA

SAYED AHMAD BEY ARABI, the leader of the Egyptian Nationalist party, was born about the year 1836, in the province of Sharkiyeh, in Lower Egypt. He claims descent in the male line from Hussein, the youngest grandson of the Prophet Mahomed, and is, therefore, of a family reputed holy by the Moslems, though his mother was an Egyptian, and an Arab of the Arabs. This fact sufficiently accounts for the respect paid him by his fellow-soldiers.

Early in life he entered the army as a private, but being of superior mind and education rose rapidly to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the days of Said Pasha. He was accused in the reign of Ismail on a false charge which was amply disproved, but Ismail nevertheless cashiered him. This roused him to a sense of the injustice under which his native land was labouring, and made him a determined enemy of the Turks and of despotic power. In 1873 he was reinstated, but having been a martyr he thenceforth became a most popular man in the army. Thus when in the spring of last year the National party of Egypt resolved on a trial of its strength, it was he who was intrusted with the principal rôle. The army had remained for two years without pay, notwithstanding the fact that England and France had undertaken the management of the finance, and it was on this question that the first remonstrance took place. The Controllers acknowledged the justice of the soldiers' demand, and paid them their arrears. An attempt, however, was soon afterwards made by the Khedive and Riaz Pasha to turn the tables upon the malcontents. The leading officers were, after Turkish custom, invited to a festival, and there arrested. But they had taken the precaution of leaving instructions with their men in the event of such a step; and so great an outcry was raised in Cairo that the Government released the prisoners. Arabi then resolved to put an end to the reign of despotic power, and the country being now thoroughly with him, and recognising him as the champion of popular rights, he marched at the head of the Cairo garrison to the Abdin Palace and demanded the fall of Riaz. This, the convocation of a Parliament, and the increase of the army were conceded him, and he has since been an important factor in the Egyptian Government, being created a Pasha, and given the official position of Under-Secretary for War.—Our portrait is from a photograph by MM. Strommeyer, Koenig, and Heymann, Cairo.

THE AUBER CENTENARY

DANIEL FRANÇOIS ESPRIT AUBER, the most popular composer whom France has ever produced, is almost as well known on this side of the Channel as in his own country. The airs from *Fra Diavolo*, *Masaniello*, *The Bronze Horse*, and the *Diamonds of the Crown* are familiar to every schoolgirl, while the operas themselves, together with the *Domino Noir*, *L'Ambassadrice*, and *Le Dieu et la Bayadère*, are stock pieces in the repertory of every English or Italian operatic company. Auber was every inch a Frenchman, and a Parisian of Parisians, never unavoidably leaving Paris, and choosing at the age of eighty-eight to endure all the hardships of a siege rather than quit his beloved city. His music, like that of Boieldieu, of Hérold, and of Adam, bears an essentially Gallic stamp, being tuneful, flowing, and is replete with those humorous touches so favourite to the audiences of the Opéra Comique. The popularity of his operas, moreover, was in no small degree enhanced by the admirable librettos of his friend Scribe, that most talented of French playwrights, with whom he ordinarily collaborated. Auber was born on January 29th, 1782, and was originally brought up to commercial pursuits, and Mr. Francis Hueffer, in his article in the "Dictionary of Music," tells us that in his youth he was a clerk in London, which, however, he was compelled to leave after the breach of the Treaty of Amiens in 1804. He early evinced a great talent for music, and began to compose at the age of eleven, while when in London his vocal compositions met with great success in the drawing-rooms of our metropolis. Returning to Paris, he gave himself up to the art, wrote several fine pieces for the violoncello, and in 1813 he produced his first opera, *Le Séjour Militaire*. Like many first compositions it was a failure, and Auber was so discouraged that he did not write another for six years, when he brought out *Le Testament ou les Billets-doux* at the Opéra Comique. This again was a failure, but his third opera, *La Bergère Châtelaine*, met with a better fate, and from that time his success as a composer was ensured. His masterpiece, *Masaniello* (*La Muette de Portici*) was produced in 1828, and is the grandest if not the most original of his works, being as different as can be conceived from the light and airy form of *Fra Diavolo* or *Le Dieu et la Bayadère*. Even Herr Wagner notes "the bold effects of the instrumentation," while the opera has become historical through the rising at Brussels, which ended in the expulsion of the Dutch, having taken place after its performance on August 25th, 1830. Under every régime which France has passed through, Auber was honoured with the distinction due to his talent. Louis Philippe made him Director of the Conservatoire, and Napoleon III. Imperial Maître de Chapelle. He was a singularly modest man, and never conducted or even attended a performance of his own music, saying that if he did so he should never write another bar. The rigours of the siege of Paris during the winter of 1870-1, which, as we have said, he insisted upon undergoing, told severely upon him at his advanced age, and he died on May 13th, 1871, when his cherished Paris was the prey of the Revolutionaries of the Commune.—Our portrait is from a photograph by M. Carjat, Paris.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM HENRY DICK CUNYNGHAM,

To whom the Victoria Cross has just been awarded, is the third and youngest surviving son of the late Sir William Hamner Dick Cunyngnam, Bart., of Prestonfield and Lambroughton, N.B. He received his first commission in the 92nd (Gordon) Highlanders in February, 1872, was promoted Lieutenant about a year later, and Captain in October, 1881. He was Wing-Adjutant from January, 1877, to January, 1878, and in April, 1878, became Adjutant of the Regiment, an appointment which he still holds. He served throughout the Afghan War 1878, 1879, 1880, first in the Transport Department under Sir Donald Stewart, being afterwards in the division under Sir Thos. Biddulph, and subsequently with the 92nd Highlanders in the Kurum Valley under Sir Frederick Roberts; taking part in the siege of Sherpur, and being awarded the Victoria Cross for conspicuous gallantry in the attack on the Sherpur Pass on the occasion of the storming and capture of the dominating heights, 13th December, 1879. He was also with the 92nd in the march from Cabul to Kandahar, August, 1880, and was present at the Battle of Kandahar. Captain Cunyngnam, who served also with the 92nd Highlanders in the latter part of the Transvaal Campaign, has the Afghan medal, with two clasps, and the bronze star "Cabul to Kandahar."—Our portrait is from a photograph by W. and D. Downey, 57, Ebury Street, S.W.

HEROES OF MAIWAND

THE E Battery B Brigade Royal Horse Artillery was present at the Battle of Maiwand, Afghanistan, on the 27th July, 1880, and greatly distinguished itself not only while in action, but especially during the long and trying march from the field of battle into Kandahar. When the battery was returning to India it was addressed by the Viceroy at Jacobabad. For their conduct in battle and during the retreat from Maiwand two Victoria Crosses and eight medals for distinguished conduct in the field were awarded to ten non-commissioned officers and men of the battery. These rewards were presented by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army, Lieut.-General the Hon. A. Hardinge, at a general parade of the troops at Poona.

Our engraving is from a photograph of the men who received these special rewards. Their names are as follows: Trumpeter Jones, Gunner Collis, V.C., decorated for having run forward and drawn the enemy's fire upon himself to distract attention from the officer who was trying to bring on a limber with wounded men in a cross fire; Sergeant-Major W. Paton, for gallant conduct and conspicuous coolness, and for urging the men to bring the guns on; Sergeant Thomas Burridge; for giving up his place on a gun to

a wounded man during the retreat; Corporal Thorogood, Gunner Tighe, Driver Bishop, Bombardier W. Payne, Sergeant Mullane, V.C., this last decoration being awarded to him for running back during the retreat, and picking up a wounded man, and for volunteering to procure water for the wounded from one of the villages, in which so many men lost their lives.

The tenth man to whom a medal was awarded, Quartermaster-Sergeant Munro, is not included in the photograph, as he was in England when the picture was taken.

Two guns of the Battery were lost at Maiwand, and were recaptured at the Battle of Kandahar, on the 1st of September, 1880. These two guns are shown in the photograph, which is by Messrs. Vuccino and Co., of Bombay. This Battery suffered great losses during the battle and the retreat from Maiwand. Two officers, Major Blackwood and Lieutenant Osborne, were killed; Lieutenant Fowell was severely wounded, and Lieutenant MacLaine was taken prisoner, and subsequently murdered. Eighteen non-commissioned officers and men, and 111 native followers were killed or missing, and nearly a hundred horses were killed or had to be destroyed. The Battery was brought out of action by Captain (now Major) Slade, C.B., who was the only officer of the Battery who escaped unhurt.

THE SLAVE TRADE ON THE EAST COAST OF AFRICA

THE boats used for the transport of slaves from place to place are the ordinary Arab dhows, and may be seen in almost every port of the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, and the Indian Ocean; they range from ten tons to one thousand. Those generally used on the East Coast of Africa are small, and capable of only carrying about one hundred or two hundred slaves. The stern is generally decked in, and the centre of the boat is covered by an awning or roof made of cocoa-nut leaves, and under this the slaves are stowed away; the hold is half-filled with large pieces of coral rock thrown in as ballast, and upon or among these pieces the slaves sit, often up to their knees in bilge-water, for days together. The usual food is uncooked rice, given only once a day.

The sides of the dhow slope outwards, and they are, from that circumstance, very difficult to board, as the man-of-war's men have to climb up exposed to the attacks of the Arabs above them. The dhows are very swift sailers, and their sails being made of the lightest cotton, they often make way under an almost imperceptible breeze.

About three hundred released slaves of different ages and sexes are maintained on the farm belonging to the Universities' Mission at Mbwani, four miles from Zanzibar. Each couple is given a house and a quarter of an acre of land, and work, if they wish for it, at about threepence a day, the ordinary wages of a labourer at Zanzibar. It is not enough to set a slave free in body; unless he is taught to earn his living and to gain habitual self-respect, it seems almost impossible to get rid of the cringing "slave spirit." The Arabs always count the first year of a new slave a loss, he is so broken down in body and mind by the sufferings of his journey and the separation from his family and friends. At Mbwani they are clothed, fed, cared for, doctored, and educated, being taught to lead moral lives, and instructed in the principles of Christianity; and, when able to take their place as members of a community, are sent in bands of about fifty at a time back to the mainland, as near their own country as possible, and settled there in self-supporting villages under the charge of English missionaries.

There are about seventy girls now being educated at the Girls' School, near Zanzibar. They are taught by English ladies, assisted by native teachers.

The boys are from the Boys' School at Kiunua Mgnu, near Zanzibar. These boys, who number at present about ninety, have all been rescued from the slave ships by the officers and crew of the *London* at various times, and are being educated by the Universities' Mission with a view to being either teachers and missionaries to their own countrymen, or, if they show no aptitude for learning, fitted to get their own living by being taught some trade. These children are supported by the Mission at the cost of 7% each per annum. The girl with the waterpot upon her head is named Mary Hasina, and is adopted by the children of St. Andrew's, Wells Street Sunday School, and belongs to the Gallas, a warlike tribe in the south of Abyssinia. She distinguished herself during the fight which ensued when the English boats boarded the dhow in which she was, by snatching the knife of the captain of the dhow from his girdle and throwing it overboard, thus leaving him powerless to carry out his threat of murdering her in the event of a likelihood of her recapture.

THE "PALMYRA" TOWING THE "NORTON"

OUR sketch represents the abandoned barque *Norton* on tow of the s.s. *Palmyra*, of London, which vessel fell in with the *Norton* on the 11th inst., in the Bay of Biscay, about six miles S.W. of Ushant, derelict, waterlogged, rudder gone, and generally much damaged.

The *Norton* had a cargo of deals, shipped at Dalhousie, for Whitehaven, and the *Palmyra*, which was on her way from Galatz to Rouen, succeeded in towing her prize into Falmouth Harbour on the 13th inst. Nothing is known of the fate of the *Norton's* crew. Her boats had all gone, and the vessel had evidently been plundered by passing ships of all her running gear and stores. From her washed and worn appearance she must have been drifting about a long time.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. Walter Truscott, of 40, Church Street, Falmouth.

THE MAORI DIFFICULTIES IN NEW ZEALAND—EXAMINATION OF TE WHITI AND TOHU

ALTHOUGH the opposition to the Government offered by the Prophet Te Whiti was ostensibly of a passive character, it prevented the colonisation of certain tracts of land which had been sold to white settlers, and threatened ultimately to produce another collision, like that of the great Waikato War.

It was determined, therefore, at last, to resort to decisive measures. A large body of volunteers and constabulary, numbering in all 1,500, was assembled, and the village of Parihaka, Te Whiti's stronghold, if that can be called a stronghold which was quite unfortified, was surrounded. No resistance was offered when Te Whiti himself, his fighting general, Tohu, and one or two others were captured. Hiroki, who is accused of having murdered a European surveyor, and who has for two years taken refuge with Te Whiti, and been protected by him against the law, was also captured without any attempt at resistance or rescue.

The next step was the dispersion of the natives who had come from other parts of the island, and had no territorial claims at Parihaka. They were sent away to their proper places of abode, and the huts occupied by them in the village were pulled down.

Hiroki, the alleged murderer, was treated as a common criminal, but Te Whiti and Tohu, though held in custody in the camp, were, of course, subjected to no personal indignity. Two days after, they were sent to New Plymouth, forty miles off, where they were brought before the Resident Magistrate and a full bench of ordinary Justices of the Peace, and were committed to take their trial before the Supreme Court, which will sit next May, unless a Special Commission should meanwhile be ordered.

Our engraving (which is from a sketch by the Rev. Philip Walsh, of Waitara, Taranaki) represents the scene in the Court-house during the examination, which lasted three days, namely, November 12th, 13th, and 14th. On the bench is Mr. C. E. Rawson, District

Judge, and several J.P.'s. Messrs. Standish and Samuels prosecuted on behalf of the Crown. Mr. C. W. Hursthouse, Government Surveyor and Interpreter, was the principal witness. He is in the box. The Court was densely crowded, a large number of ladies being present.

Both prisoners are fine-looking Maoris. Te Whiti (the furthest off in the sketch) has a fair complexion for a Maori; his features are good, and his expression pleasing and intelligent. Tohu is taller, larger built, darker, more sedate and stern, but not savage.

The prisoners were committed to Taranaki Gaol to await their trial.



POLITICAL SPEECHES have this week been so numerous and lengthy as to defy all attempts at condensation in the space at our disposal. The most prominent orators on the Government side have been Sir William Harcourt, Sir Henry James, Mr. Childers, and Mr. Mundella; whilst for the Opposition the Earl of Lytton, Sir R. Cross, Mr. Gibson, Sir H. D. Wolff, and Lord R. Churchill have done battle. The Premier and the Earl of Granville have issued the usual notice of the opening of Parliament. The address in reply to the Queen's Speech will be moved in the Commons by the Hon. Edward Majoribanks, and seconded by Mr. Firth.—It is said that Mr. Bradlaugh's claim to take the oath will, as a matter of "privilege," have precedence of the Speaker's notification of the absence of the imprisoned Irish members, so that the debate on the oath question will probably be the very first business transacted.—The North Riding election, which has created an immense amount of local excitement, has resulted in the return of the Hon. G. C. Dawney (C), who polled 8,135 votes against 7,749 secured by his opponent, Mr. Rowlandson (L).—At Preston Mr. Tomlinson has retired at the request of the Conservative leaders, and there being no Liberal candidate in the field the Right Hon. H. C. Raikes (C) will probably be returned without opposition.

IRELAND.—The most exciting news from the sister isle is that on Monday some 600 pounds weight of dynamite was stolen from a magazine situated close to the police barracks at Ballinacurra, Limerick, and that there is no clue to the thieves.—There is also the elaborate confession of Daniel Connell as to the doings of the "Moonlights," of whom he was lieutenant, and two of whom have already been convicted on his evidence and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. Connell says that there were bands and captains in other districts, and one of his most curious statements is that "Parnell medals" were issued to these cowardly midnight raiders for "bravery." The oath which he says they took is, as Mr. Justice Fitzgerald remarked, the old Fenian oath with this difference, that fealty is sworn to "the Irish Republic," instead of as formerly to "the Irish Republic now virtually established."—The Lord Lieutenant has declined to permit the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Dublin to visit Messrs. Parnell and Dillon in Kilmainham for the purpose of presenting the Freedom of the City, and his Excellency has also declared his inability to comply with the Corporation memorial for their release. The *Freeman's Journal*, nevertheless, announces that Mr. Dillon is so ill that he will probably be soon set at liberty.—Miss Hannah Reynolds having undergone her month's imprisonment is now again actively at work with Miss Parnell and the other Lady Land Leaguers.—On Saturday 10,000 copies of the *United Ireland* done up in packets so as to resemble loaves of sugar were seized by the police. It is alleged that some 50,000 copies of the issue were distributed in Great Britain, and that in spite of the efforts of the police about 15,000 reached their destination in Ireland. The paper is henceforth to be published in Paris instead of London.—Archbishop McCabe has issued a Pastoral severely condemning secret societies and unscrupulous leaders, who "traffic in the blood of their deluded victims, and gather the spoils of their iniquity." On Wednesday, at a meeting presided over by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, a Committee, which includes the Mayors of all the principal cities, was appointed to carry out the revived scheme for an Industrial Exhibition on a purely commercial basis. A limited liability company is to be formed, with a capital of 20,000l.

THE PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS IN RUSSIA has excited very widespread indignation and commiseration in this country, which has not been lessened by the refusal of Prince Lobanoff, the Russian Ambassador, to transmit to the Emperor the memorial signed and presented by Sir N. M. de Rothschild on behalf of the Jewish community in this country. Numerous protests have already been published, and several public meetings have been held, whilst at the request of a number of divines, statesmen, philanthropists, and other well-known men, the Lord Mayor of London has convened a public meeting to be held at the Mansion House on Wednesday next.

THE INTELLECTUAL CONDITION OF ENGLAND.—On Tuesday Lord Lytton, speaking at the opening of a new public library at St. Alban's, said that there were some persons who viewed the tendency of this movement with mistrust. He was not an ardent Democrat, but if the tendencies of the time were in that direction he would prefer an enlightened and cultivated democracy to an ignorant one; and which it should be, depended much upon the diffusion of knowledge. Literature was one of the most potent of all intellectual weapons, and it was difficult to measure the immense improvement which had been made in it since the close of the last century. Cheapness had not lowered literature, nor injured commercial interests, and the public, instead of being written down to, were now written up to.

THE DENSE FOG which on Wednesday last settled down upon the metropolis was the cause of much inconvenience and many accidents, the most serious of which occurred on the Great Northern Railway at Hornsey, where a collision resulted in the deaths of two persons and injuries to several others.

THE LONDON WATER COMPANIES.—The Paddington Vestry have voted 100 guineas towards the costs which will be incurred by Mr. Dobbs in prosecuting his appeal against the Grand Junction Waterworks Company. Copies of the resolution have been sent to all the Vestries and District Boards in the metropolis, some of whom may probably follow the good example.

PADDINGTON PARK.—The Bill for this project is to be opposed by the Metropolitan Board of Works who, it seems, object to the proposed infinitesimal charge upon the rates of one-eleventh of a penny for thirty years. The cost is estimated at from 250,000l. to 280,000l., and the subscriptions as yet only reach 41,000l. Wealthy benefactors should not let slip the opportunity of contributing to so excellent a scheme.

FIRE PANICS.—Three false alarms of fire in public buildings are this week reported:—one in a chapel-school at Islington, another at Colston Hall, Bristol, where 3,000 temperance folk had assembled, and a third at the Theatre Royal, Waterford. In each case a good deal of alarm and confusion ensued, but happily no one was seriously hurt.

XEROFINE SICCATIVE.—There now seems to be every reason to believe that the loss of the *Doterel*, as well as the disaster on board the *Triumph*, was caused by this treacherous substance. An Admiralty inquiry has been opened, and not only has xerotine

siccative been struck out of the list of Government stores, but a positive order has been issued that in future no new chemical compounds shall be supplied to Her Majesty's ships without being carefully analysed.

LADY GUARDIANS.—The question whether a married lady is eligible to sit and vote as a guardian of the poor has been submitted to the Local Government Board by the Islington Board of Guardians, one of whom, Miss Downing, has since her election become Mrs. Shearing. The lady insists on her right, but pending the decision has graciously consented to abstain from voting.

THE LONDON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE held its first general meeting, at the Mansion House, on Wednesday, when Mr. Charles Magniac, M.P., was appointed President, and the members of the Council were nominated.

A CONVALESCENT HOME in connection with the Hospital Saturday Fund is thought to be a very desirable institution, and the delegates and collectors of the Fund are about to make a special appeal for the necessary funds.

THE OPIUM TRADE.—The Bishop of Manchester, Professor Goldwin Smith, and Sir Wilfrid Lawson, M.P., spoke at a public meeting in Manchester on Tuesday, in favour of the suppression of the opium trade as now carried on between India and China, which was declared to be utterly opposed to national morality; instrumental in effecting the physical ruin and moral degradation of multitudes of Chinese, and a hindrance both to legitimate commerce and to the spread of Christianity. As a retort to Sir Rutherford Alcock's recent article in the *Nineteenth Century*, and his speech before the Society of Arts, maintaining that the use of opium is not harmful, the *Echo* has commenced the publication of a series of quotations from Sir R. Alcock's earlier declarations on the subject, together with some from other well-known men who are convinced of its pernicious character.

OBITUARY.—Among the deaths announced this week are those of Mr. John Linnell, the landscape and portrait painter; whose portrait we shall shortly publish; and of Mr. William Miller, the well-known line engraver of Edinburgh. Mr. Linnell was eighty-nine, and Mr. Miller eight-six years of age.

TRAMWAY COMPANIES AND THEIR EMPLOYÉS.—Some time ago, there were continually recurring disputes in the police-courts about the arbitrary confiscation by the North Metropolitan Tramway Company of the 5l. cash security which each man deposited on entering the service. Several magistrates expressed themselves in strong terms concerning the tyrannical and unfair character of the "agreements" under which this was done, but as all the requirements of the law had been strictly complied with no legal redress could be given to the poor men, who were thus deprived of what to them was a large sum of money. Latterly, however, there has been a complete cessation of these complaints, a circumstance probably due to a change in the management, but now there is a renewal of discontent amongst the drivers and conductors owing, it is said, to the accession to office of a new traffic superintendent, who has issued a new code of rules, which are complained of as being tyrannous and unjust. The men expressly declare that they have no grievance whatever against the company, its manager, nor its shareholders, but only against the newly-installed official above-named. On Saturday, in the small hours of the morning, they held a mass meeting outside the company's stables, at Upper Clapton, and adopted a petition to the directors for the abolition of the obnoxious regulations, and a resolution declaring that, if they did not get a favourable reply by a certain day, they would "consider the desirability of a strike." The chief points of complaint are, that whereas formerly they could obtain leave of absence, in case of illness, from the local yard manager, all such applications have now to be sent to the chief office; that though they work for sixteen hours a day, they are fined and taken off the regular list for late attendance in the morning, even if it is only of a few minutes; that large fines are imposed for the most trivial offences and even unavoidable mishaps, such as being late on their journeys in consequence of a block or break-down on the road. Another grievance is expressed by the technical word "shorts," which means that they have to account for a stated number of tickets, although the actual number they receive may be less than that booked to them, whilst on the other hand if the sum they pay in is greater than the value of the tickets given out, the overplus is not credited to them. These statements are, of course, all of an *ex parte* character, and the directors may have complete and satisfactory answers to them. Nevertheless one cannot help feeling some degree of sympathy for the poor fellows who work from early morn till after midnight, day after day, Sundays included, exposed to all weathers, and to the *brusquerie* of all sorts of passengers; and it is because we feel this sympathy very strongly that we would caution them against the suicidal policy of a strike, which, by putting the public to personal inconvenience, would only have the effect of depriving them of any outside support which they might otherwise secure. Their demands appear fair and moderate, and the Directors of the Company will probably be sufficiently alive to their own interests to restore harmony by judicious concessions.



THE COLOMBO POLICE are to be mounted on tricycles.

A FRENCH CATHOLIC PILGRIMAGE to JERUSALEM will take place in April, 500 Gallic devotees crossing to the Holy Land by special steamer.

AN ATTEMPT TO CROSS THE CHANNEL IN A BALLOON is to be made on the 14th prox. by an officer of the Royal Engineers. He will ascend at Canterbury, and hopes to descend at Boulogne.

A RELIC OF IRISH HOME RULE was sold last week in Dublin for 90l. It was an old high-backed oaken chair, elaborately carved with national emblems, which had been occupied by the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and had been presented to the Dublin Library by Lord Cloncurry.

GERMAN LITERATURE continues in a very flourishing condition, and the books published last year were 485 more than those brought out in 1879. The greatest increase was in school books, and the most notable decrease in legal publications, owing to the new laws of the Empire having been first published complete in 1880.

THE CITY OF LONDON SOCIETY OF ARTISTS will hold a *conversazione* on February 28th in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House, which has been lent by the Lord Mayor, to promote the interests of the Society, and also to exhibit the works of Art to be balloted for amongst the Fellows and subscribers of the Society.

"CHEAP AND HUNGRY" PARTIES is the expressive Californian title for entertainments where only slight refreshments are given. By the bye, perhaps some people are not aware that the Oxford term for them is "perpendiculars." "Nine o' Clock Teas" have been attempted by San Franciscans of limited incomes, and have proved utter failures; "Café Noirs," which last from 8 to 10 P.M., are more favoured; but the most successful gatherings for Transatlantic young people this winter have been "Mother Goose Parties," at which each guest appeared as some well-known character of nursery rhyme.

THE NATIONAL TEUTONIC BEVERAGE, BEER, is largely used at the Royal table in Berlin, the *Paris Figaro* tells us. Emperor William's favourite dish is beer soup, made very sweet, with toasted bread in it; the Crown Princelikes beef stewed in beer, which imparts a peculiar flavour to the meat; and the Empress is particularly fond of eels with beer sauce.

THE FRENCH GENDARME'S IMPOSING COCKED HAT is threatened, and military reformers are anxious to replace it by the ordinary soldier's headgear of shako or helmet. Gendarmes have worn this headpiece since the creation of the force in 1790, but the hat was usually donned with the point in front until Louis Philippe insisted on the present style.

FURTHER ALTERATIONS IN THE POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANKS are contemplated by the Postmaster-General, who proposes to introduce a measure raising the maximum annual savings bank deposit for any one person from 30l. to 100l., and a total deposit from 150l. to 300l. Should this Bill pass, it is estimated that the work of the Post Office Savings Banks would be increased by 75 per cent.

TRACES OF THE LOST MEMBERS OF THE "JEANNETTE" EXPEDITION have been found, but Captain de Long and his companions are still missing. The chief engineer of the vessel, Mr. Melville, when diligently searching the coast east of the mouths of the Lena, came upon Captain de Long's encampment, where three letters were found in the huts, while some instruments and the ship's log-book had been hidden in the ground.

THE CARNIVAL AT NAPLES is expected to be unusually gay this year, as plentiful funds are forthcoming. On Shrove Tuesday nineteen cars will parade the streets, the most elaborate being "A Bivouac of Hunters," "Naples of the Olden Times," "La Colombaia"—a car in the form of a gigantic dove—"Nocelle Americane"—American pea-nuts—and "The Inhabitants of the Sea," wherein men and women will represent fish, &c.

A "DRESS ALBUM" is now kept by American belles. A piece of every new dress, mantle, &c., is gummed on one leaf, the date and make of the garment being attached on the other side, so that fashionable ladies may avoid any repetition of their costumes. Talking of Transatlantic toilettes, a curious collection of bonnets was left by the late Mrs. Patterson Bonaparte, first wife of Jerome Bonaparte. She had preserved every single bonnet she had worn in her life.

THE OBSERVATORY ON MOUNT ETNA is finished. For safety against future eruptions the building has been placed on a small mount near the crater, which, it is believed, would obstruct any dangerous lava stream, and divide the current in two. The Observatory is 9,653 feet above the sea level, being thus considerably higher than the St. Gothard and St. Bernard hospices, but it is not so lofty as the Observatory at Pike's Peak, Colorado, which is over 14,000 feet above the sea-level.

A PLAGUE OF BEES lately infested a Pennsylvanian village, much to the discomfort of the inhabitants. Two of the villagers kept 130 hives, and the bad weather making their natural food scarce, the bees invaded the shops and houses in quest of sweets. Half a bushel of the insects swarmed in one kitchen, where they remained for a week, and so infested the doors that the family had to climb in and out of the windows. Fruit and grapes were completely devoured, and persons passing along the streets were severely stung.

KING'S COLLEGE HOSITAL.—The Annual Christmas Tree Entertainment was given to the patients at this hospital, on Wednesday, in the large Centre Hall, which was prettily decorated for the occasion. The entertainment consisted of a Christmas Tree, with presents for each patient, followed by a Nigger and Banjo performance by Mr. Hugh Griffiths, Conjuring, Magic Lantern, and Punch and Judy, those patients who were well enough being wheeled out to the landings and hall, where they could see what was going on.

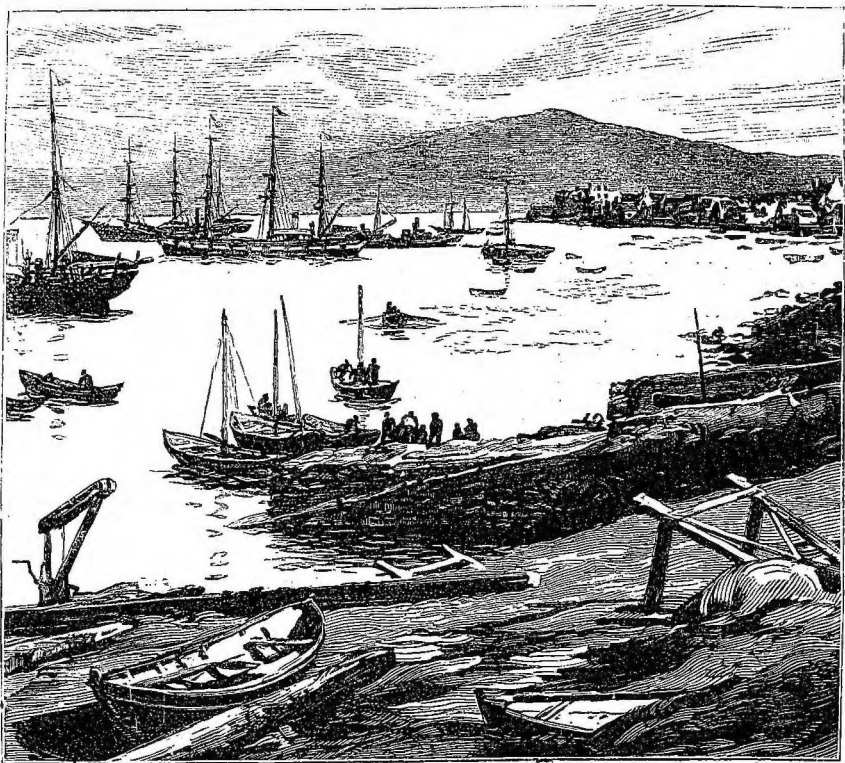
TO EAT HIS OWN WORDS LITERALLY was recently the unpleasant duty of a libellous Viennese journalist—at least so says the Austrian correspondent of the *American Register*. The people whom the writer was in the constant habit of libelling at last became so exasperated that they caught their enemy, carried him off to some secret hiding-place, and gave him twenty-four hours to devour one year's copies of his journal—a weekly publication. Should he refuse he was to be hung with the rope tied round the parcel. He ate the papers and the rope into the bargain.

A HABITABLE SUBMARINE VESSEL has been invented by a Roumanian engineer, who has come to London to patent his invention in this country. The boat is of steel, and fish-shaped, being constructed so as to store enough air for the consumption of its crew during a period of submersion not over fifteen hours. The stock of air can be renewed by raising the vessel within six or nine feet of the surface, and obtaining the necessary provision by means of pneumatic pumps. Electric light will illumine the interior of the boat, by the aid of which the vessel can search for torpedoes and carry on offensive operations on its own account.

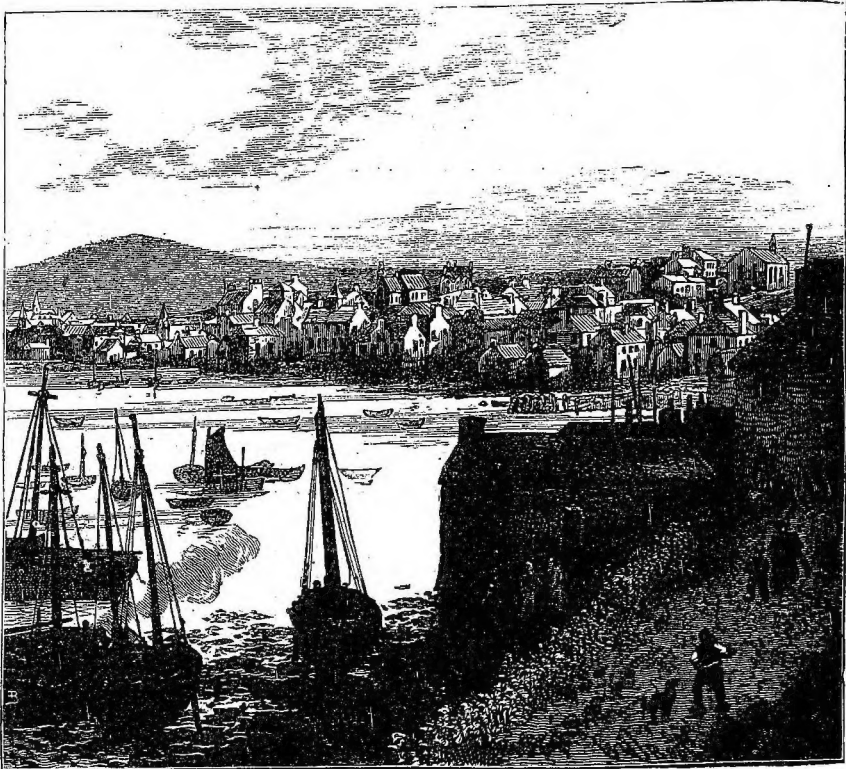
THE COMING PARIS SALON will only contain 2,500 pictures, and the Committee of ninety artists elected to make the necessary arrangements have decided that the exhibition shall be conducted under the same regulations as that of last year. At the same time the first annual Salon of Decorative Art will be held, this collection including such decorative pictures as would be out of place in the other Salon, besides original contributions of furniture, goldsmiths' work, tapestry, glass, &c. One noteworthy picture likely to appear at the Salon is M. Carolus Duran's "Red Lady," modelled on the plan of the famous "Blue Boy," and representing a beautiful woman clad in the most gorgeous red, from her Rubens hat to her shoes.

A LIVING LIFE-BUOY recently saved a sailor from drowning, according to the *Colonies*. A seaman on board a British vessel, sailing to Australia, fell overboard when the vessel was crossing the Southern Ocean, and although a boat was lowered immediately, a long pull was necessary before reaching the sailor. When the boat got near the man, he was seen to be supporting himself in the water by clinging to a large albatross which he had seized on coming to the surface after his plunge. Albatrosses in the Southern Seas are, as a rule, most fierce, and have in several cases killed men by blows from their terrible beaks. But in this case the sailor had evidently obtained a good grip of the bird's neck with both hands, preventing it from using its beak, and converting a would-be foe into an unwilling friend.

LONDON MORTALITY again declined last week, and 1,700 deaths were registered, against 1,737 during the previous seven days, a decrease of 37, being 139 below the average, and at the rate of 22.8 per 1,000. There were 20 deaths from small-pox (a decline of 1), 48 from measles (an increase of 4), 38 from scarlet fever (a decline of 10), 17 from diphtheria (an increase of 3), 120 from whooping-cough (an increase of 4), 19 from enteric fever (a decrease of 5), 11 from diarrhoea (a decline of 2), and 415 from diseases of the respiratory organs (a decline of 42, and 103 below the average), of which 262 were attributed to bronchitis and 95 to pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 51 deaths; 43 were the result of negligence or accident. Eight cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,629 births registered, against 2,665 during the previous week, being 128 below the average. The mean temperature was 36.2 deg., and 2.6 deg. below the average. The registered duration of sunshine during the week was 8 hours, the sun being above the horizon during 58.7 hours.



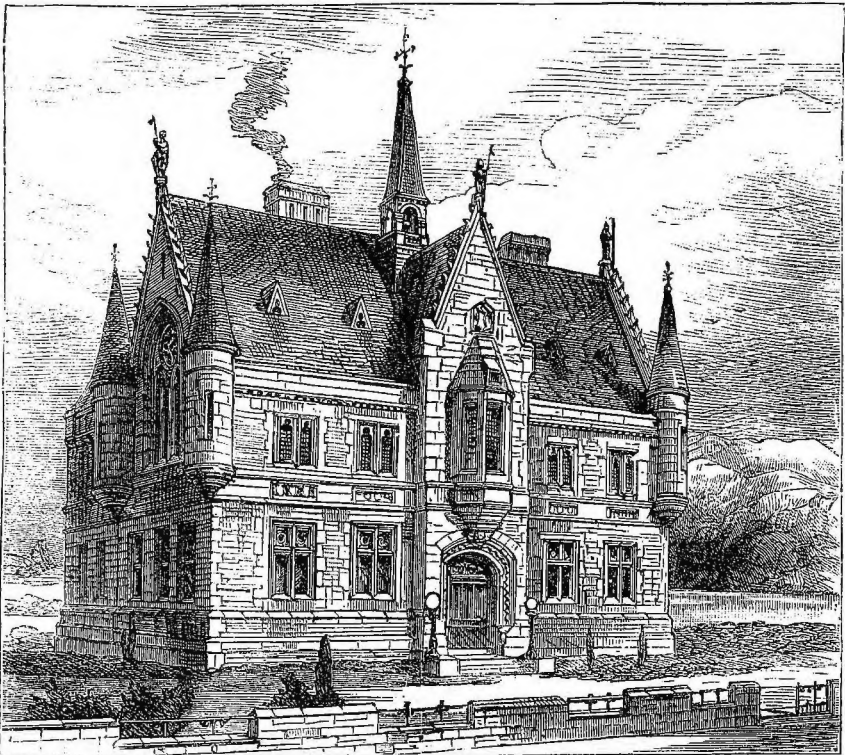
LERWICK HARBOUR



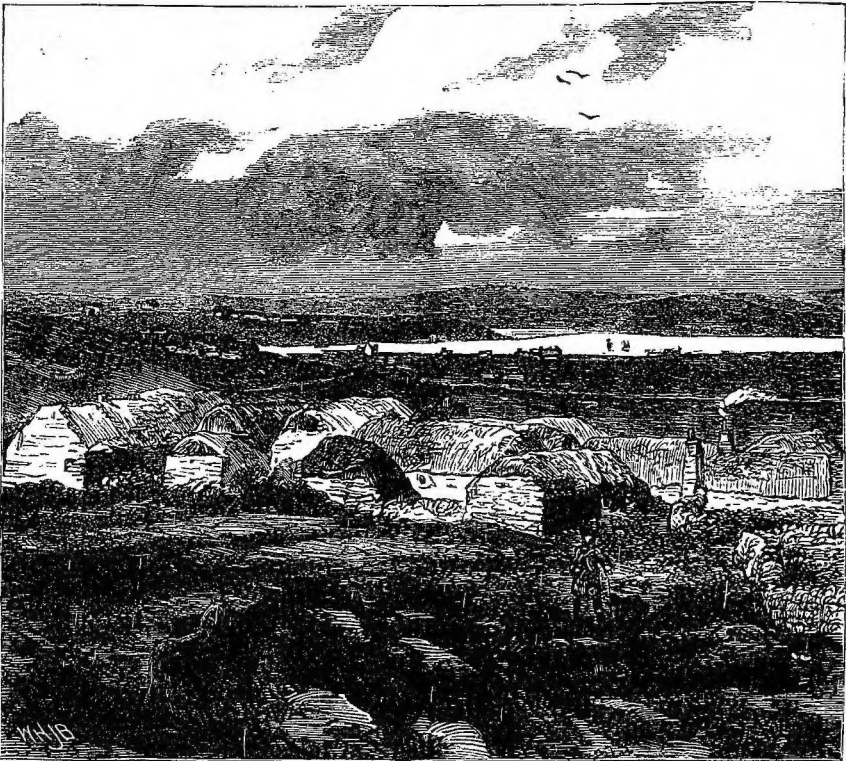
LERWICK, THE CAPITAL OF THE SHETLAND ISLES



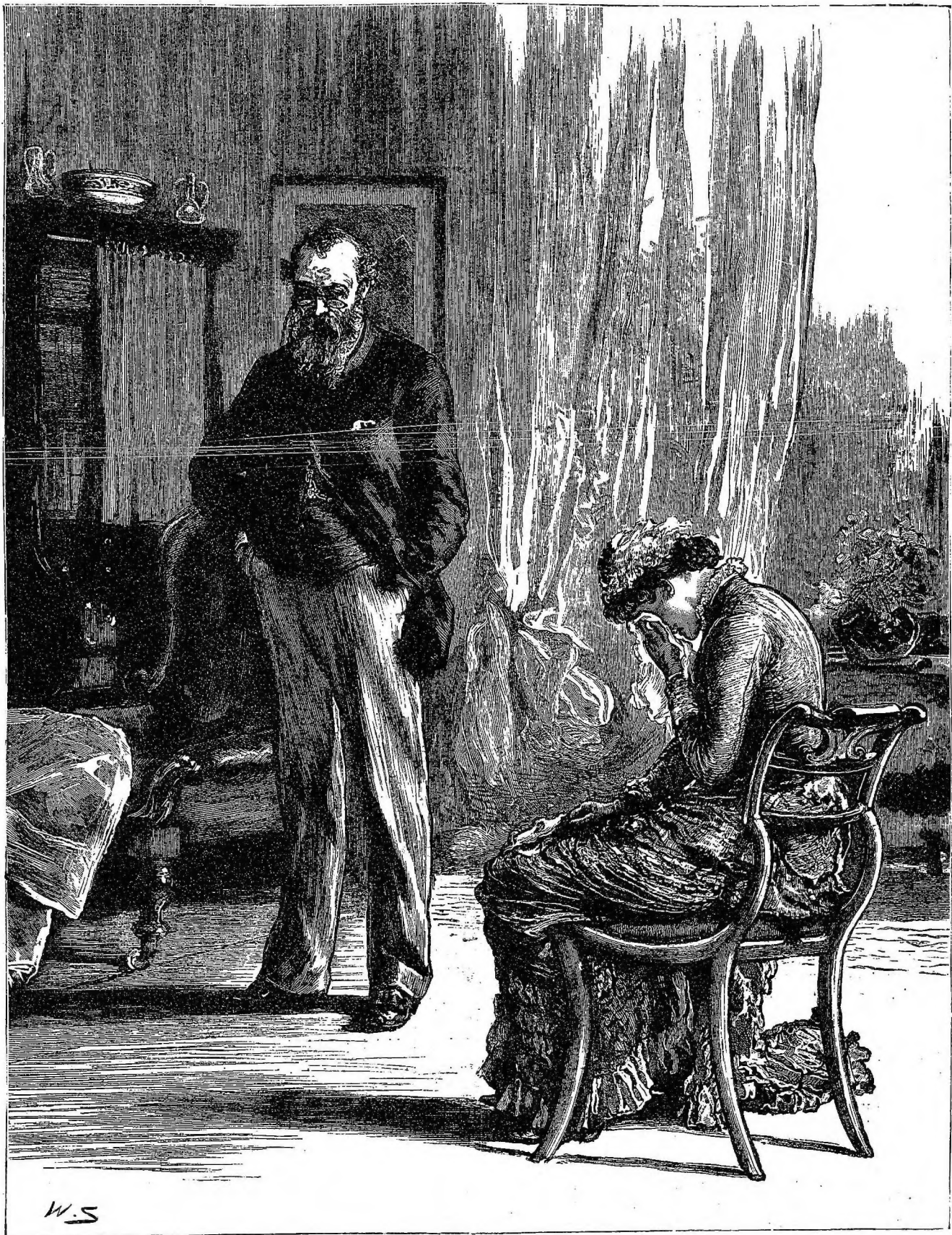
SHETLAND PONIES



THE NEW TOWN HALL, LERWICK



UPPER SOUND, LERWICK



DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

Here the poor mother sobbed, almost overcome by the contumely of the expression used towards her own offspring.

MARION FAY: A Novel

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "FRAMLEY PARSONAGE," "ORLEY FARM," "THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON," "THE WAY WE LIVE NOW," &C., &C.

CHAPTER XVII.

LORD HAMPSTEAD'S SCHEME

DURING the following week Hampstead went down to Gorse Hall, and hunted two or three days with various packs of hounds within his reach, declaring to himself that, after all, Leicestershire was better than Cumberland, because he was known there and no one would dare to treat him as Crocker had done. Never before had his democratic spirit received such a shock,—or rather the remnant of that aristocratic spirit which he had striven to quell by the wisdom and humanity of democracy! That a stranger should have dared to talk to him about one of the ladies of his family! No man certainly would do so in Northamptonshire or Leicestershire. He could not quite explain to himself the difference in the localities, but he was quite sure that he was safe from anything of that kind at Gorse Hall.

But he had other matters to think of as he galloped about the country. How might he best manage to see Marion Fay? His mind was set upon that;—or, perhaps, more dangerously still, his heart. Had he been asked before he would have said that there could have been nothing more easy than for such a one as he to make acquaintance with a young lady in Paradise Row. But now, when he came to look at it, he found that Marion Fay was environed with fortifications and a chevaux-de-frise of difficulties which were apparently impregnable. He could not call at No. 17, and simply ask for Miss

Fay. To do so he must be a proficient in that impudence, the lack of which created so many difficulties for him. He thought of finding out the Quaker chapel in the City, and there sitting out the whole proceeding,—unless desired to leave the place,—with the Quixotic idea of returning to Holloway with her in an omnibus. As he looked at this project all round, he became sure that the joint journey in an omnibus would never be achieved. Then he imagined that Mrs. Roden might perhaps give him aid. But with what a face could such a one as he ask such a one as Mrs. Roden to assist him in such an enterprise? And yet, if anything were to be done, it must be done through Mrs. Roden,—or, at any rate, through Mrs. Roden's house. As to this too there was a new difficulty. He had not actually quarrelled with George Roden, but the two had parted on the road as though there were some hitch in the cordiality of their friendship. He had been rebuked for having believed what Crocker had told him. He did acknowledge to himself that he should not have believed it. Though Crocker's lies had been monstrous, he should rather have supposed him to be guilty even of lies so monstrous, than have suspected his friend of conduct that would certainly have been base. Even this added something to the difficulties by which Marion Fay was surrounded.

Vivian was staying with him at Gorse Hall. "I shall go up to London to-morrow," he said, as the two of them were riding home after hunting on the Saturday,—the Saturday after the Sunday on which Hampstead had been in Paradise Row.

"To-morrow is Sunday,—no day for travelling," said Vivian. "The Fitzwilliams are at Lilford Cross Roads on Monday,—draw back towards the kennels;—afternoon train up from Peterborough at 5'30;—branch from Oundle to meet it, 4'50—have your traps sent there. It's all arranged by Providence. On Monday evening I go to Gatcombe,—so that it will all fit."

"You need not be disturbed. A solitary Sunday will enable you to write all your official correspondence for the fortnight."

"That I should have done, even in your presence."

"I must be at home on Monday morning. Give my love to them all at Lilford Cross Roads. I shall be down again before long if my sister can spare me;—or perhaps I may induce her to come and rough it here for a week or two." He was as good as his word, and travelled up to London, and thence across to Hendon Hall, on the Sunday.

It might have been said that no young man could have had stronger inducements for clinging to his sport, or fewer reasons for abandoning it. His stables were full of horses; the weather was good; the hunting had been excellent; his friends were all around him; and he had nothing else to do. His sister intended to remain for yet another week at Castle Hautboy, and Hendon Hall of itself had certainly no special attractions at the end of November. But Marion Fay was on his mind, and he had arranged his scheme. His scheme, as far as he knew, would be as practicable on a Tuesday as on a Monday; but he was impatient, and for the nonce preferred

Marion Fay, whom he probably would not find, to the foxes which would certainly be found in the neighbourhood of Lifford Cross Roads.

It was not much of a scheme after all. He would go over to Paradise Row, and call on Mrs. Roden. He would then explain to her what had taken place between him and George, and leave some sort of apology for the offended Post Office clerk. Then he would ask them both to come over and dine with him on some day before his sister's return. In what way Marion Fay's name might be introduced, or how she might be brought into the arrangement, he must leave to the chapter of accidents. On the Monday he left home at about two o'clock, and making a roundabout journey *via* Baker Street, King's Cross, and Islington, went down to Holloway by an omnibus. He had become somewhat abashed and perplexed as to his visits to Paradise Row, having come to entertain a notion that some of the people there looked at him. It was hard, he thought, that if he had a friend in that or any other street he should not be allowed to visit his friend without creating attention. He was not aware of the special existence of Mrs. Demijohn or of Clara, or of Mrs. Duffer, nor did he know from what window exactly the eyes of curious inhabitants were fixed upon him. But he was conscious that an interest was taken in his comings and goings. As long as his acquaintance in the street was confined to the inhabitants of No. 11, this did not very much signify. Though the neighbours should become aware that he was intimate with Mrs. Roden or her son, he need not care much about it. But if he should succeed in adding Marion Fay to the number of his Holloway friends, then he thought inquisitive eyes might be an annoyance. It was on this account that he made his way down in an omnibus, and felt that there was something almost of hypocrisy in the soft, unpretending, and almost skulking manner in which he crept up Paradise Row, as though his walking there was really of no moment to any one. As he looked round after knocking at Mrs. Roden's door, he saw the figure of Clara Demijohn standing a little back from the parlour window of the house opposite.

"Mrs. Roden is at home," said the maid, "but there are friends with her." Nevertheless she showed the young lord up to the drawing-room. There were friends indeed. It was Mrs. Vincent's day for coming, and she was in the room. That alone would not have been much, but with the two elder ladies was seated Marion Fay. So far Fortune had favoured him. But now there was a difficulty in explaining his purpose. He could not very well give his general invitation,—general at any rate as regarded Marion Fay,—before Mrs. Vincent.

Of course there was an introduction. Mrs. Vincent, who had often heard Lord Hampstead's name, in spite of her general severity, was open to the allurements of nobility. She was glad to meet the young man, although she had strong reasons for believing that he was not a tower of strength on matters of Faith. Hampstead and Marion Fay shook hands as though they were old friends, and then the conversation naturally fell upon George Roden.

"You didn't expect my son, I hope," said the mother.

"Oh, dear no! I had a message to leave for him which will do just as well in a note."

This was to some extent unfortunate, because it made both Mrs. Vincent and Marion feel that they were in the way.

"I think I'll send Betsy down for the brougham," said the former. The brougham which brought Mrs. Vincent was always in the habit of retiring round the corner to the "Duchess of Edinburgh," where the driver had succeeded in creating for himself quite an intimacy.

"Pray do not stir, madam," said Hampstead; for he had perceived from certain preparations made by Miss Fay that she would find it necessary to follow Mrs. Vincent out of the room. "I will write two words for Roden, and that will tell him all I have to say."

Then the elder ladies went back to the matter they were discussing before Lord Hampstead had appeared. "I was asking this young lady," said Mrs. Vincent, "to come with me for two or three days down to Brighton. It is absolutely the fact that she has never seen Brighton."

As Mrs. Vincent went to Brighton twice annually, for a month at the beginning of the winter and then again for a fortnight in the spring, it seemed to her a wonderful thing that any one living, even at Holloway, should never have seen the place.

"I think it would be a very good thing," said Mrs. Roden,— "if your father can spare you."

"I never leave my father," said Marion.

"Don't you think, my lord," said Mrs. Vincent, "that she looks as though she wanted a change?"

Authorised by this, Lord Hampstead took the opportunity of gazing at Marion, and was convinced that the young lady wanted no change at all. There was certainly no room for improvement; but it occurred to him on the spur of the moment that he, too, might spend two or three days at Brighton, and that he might find his opportunities there easier than in Paradise Row. "Yes, indeed," he said, "a change is always good. I never like to stay long in one place myself."

"Some people must stay in one place," said Marion with a smile. "Father has to go to his business, and would be very uncomfortable if there were no one to give him his meals and sit at table with him."

"He could spare you for a day or two," said Mrs. Roden, who knew that it would be well for Marion that she should sometimes be out of London.

"I am sure that he would not begrudge you a short recreation like that," said Mrs. Vincent.

"He never begrudges me anything. We did go down to Cowes for a fortnight in April, though I am quite sure that papa himself would have preferred remaining at home all the time. He does not believe in the new-fangled idea of changing the air."

"Doesn't he?" said Mrs. Vincent. "I do, I know. Where I live, at Wimbledon, may be said to be more country than town; but if I were to remain all the year without moving, I should become so low and out of sorts, that I veritably believe they would have to bury me before the first year was over."

"Father says that when he was young, it was only people of rank and fashion who went out of town regularly; and that folk lived as long then as they do now."

"I think people get used to dying and living according to circumstances," said Hampstead. "Our ancestors did a great many things which we regard as quite fatal. They drank their water without filtering it, and ate salt meat all the winter through. They did very little in the washing way, and knew nothing of ventilation. Yet they contrived to live." Marion Fay, however, was obstinate, and declared her purpose of declining Mrs. Vincent's kind invitation. There was a good deal more said about it, because Hampstead managed to make various propositions. "He was very fond of the sea himself," he said, "and would take them all round, including Mrs. Vincent and Mrs. Roden, in his yacht, if not to Brighton, at any rate to Cowes." December was not exactly the time for yachting, and as Brighton could be reached in an hour by railway, he was driven to abandon that proposition with a little laughter at his own absurdity.

But it was all done with a gaiety and a kindness which quite won Mrs. Vincent's heart. She stayed considerably beyond her accustomed hour, to the advantage of the proprietor of the "Duchess of Edinburgh," and at last sent Betsy down to the corner in high good humour. "I declare, Lord Hampstead," she said, "I ought to charge you three-and-sixpence before I go. I shall have to break

into another hour, because I have stayed talking to you. Pritchard never lets me off if I am not back punctually by four." Then she took her departure.

"You needn't go, Marion," said Mrs. Roden,—"unless Lord Hampstead has something special to say to me." Lord Hampstead declared that he had nothing special to say, and Marion did not go.

"But I have something special to say," said Hampstead, when the elder lady was quite gone, "but Miss Fay may know it just as well as yourself. As we were walking to Hendon on Sunday a matter came up as to which George and I did not agree."

"There was no quarrel, I hope?" said the mother.

"Oh, dear, no;—but we weren't best pleased with each other. Therefore I want you both to come and dine with me one day this week. I shall be engaged on Saturday, but any day before that will do." Mrs. Roden put on a very serious look on receiving the proposition, having never before been invited to the house of her son's friend. Nor, for some years from now, had she dined out with any acquaintance. And yet she could not think at the moment of any reason why she should not do so. "I was going to ask Miss Fay to come with you."

"Oh, quite impossible," said Marion. "It is very kind, my lord. But I never go out, do I, Mrs. Roden?"

"That seems to me a reason why you should begin. Of course, I understand about your father. But I should be delighted to make his acquaintance, if you would bring him."

"He rarely goes out, Lord Hampstead."

"Then he will have less power to plead that he is engaged. What do you say, Mrs. Roden? It would give me the most unaffected pleasure. Like your father, Miss Fay, I, too, am unaccustomed to much going out, as you call it. I am as peculiar as he is. Let us acknowledge that we are all peculiar people, and that therefore there is the more reason why we should come together. Mrs. Roden, do not try to prevent an arrangement which will give me the greatest pleasure, and to which there cannot be any real objection. Why should not Mr. Fay make acquaintance with your son's friend? Which day would suit you best, Wednesday, Thursday, or Friday?"

At last it was settled that at any rate George Roden should dine at Hendon Hall on the Friday,—he being absent during the discussion,—and that time must be taken as to any further acceptance of the invitation. Mrs. Roden was inclined to think that it had best be regarded as impossible. She thought that she had made up her mind never to dine out again. Then there came across her mind a remembrance that her son was engaged to marry this young man's sister, and that it might be for his welfare that she should give way to these overtures of friendship. When her thoughts had travelled so far as this, she might have felt sure that the invitation would at last be accepted.

As to Marion Fay, the subject was allowed to drop without any further decision. She had said that it was impossible, and she said nothing more. That was the last dictum heard from her; but it was not repeated as would probably have been the case had she been quite sure that it was impossible. Mrs. Roden during the interview did not allude to that branch of the subject again. She was fluttered with what had already been said, a little angry with herself that she had so far yielded, a little perplexed at her own too evident confusion, a little frightened at Lord Hampstead's evident admiration of the girl. As to Marion, it must, of course, be left to her father,—as would the question as to the Quaker himself.

"I had better be going," said Marion Fay, who was also confused.

"So must I," said Hampstead. "I have to return round by London, and have ever so many things to do in Park Lane. The worst of having two or three houses is that one never knows where one's clothes are. Good-bye, Mrs. Roden. Mind, I depend upon you, and that I have set my heart upon it. You will let me walk with you as far as your door, Miss Fay?"

"It is only three doors off," said Marion, "and in the other direction." Nevertheless he did go with her to the house, though it was only three doors off. "Tell your father, with my compliments," he said, "that George Roden can show you the way over. If you can get a cab to bring you across I will send you back in the waggone. For the matter of that there is no reason on earth why it should not be sent for you."

"Oh, no, my lord. That is, I do not think it possible that we should come."

"Pray do, pray do, pray do," he said, as he took her hand when the door at No. 17 was opened. As he walked down the street he saw the figure still standing at the parlour window of No. 10.

On the same evening Clara Demijohn was closeted with Mrs. Duffer at her lodgings at No. 15. "Standing in the street, squeezing her hand!" said Mrs. Duffer, as though the very hairs of her head were made to stand on end by the tidings,—the moral hairs, that is, of her moral head. Her head, in the flesh, was ornamented by a front which must have prevented the actual standing on end of any hair that was left to her.

"I saw it! They came out together from No. 11 as loving as could be, and he walked up with her to their own house. Then he seized her hand and held it,—oh, for minutes!—in the street. There is nothing those Quaker girls won't allow themselves. They are so free with their Christian names, that, of course, they get into intimacies instantly. I never allow a young man to call me Clara without leave asked and given."

"I should think not."

"One can't be too particular about one's Christian name. They've been in there together, at No. 11, for two hours. What can that mean? Old Mrs. Vincent was there, but she went away."

"I suppose she didn't like such doings."

"What can a lord be doing in such a place as this," asked Clara,—"coming so often, you know? And one that has to be a Markiss, which is much more than a lord. One thing is quite certain. It can't mean that he is going to marry Marion Fay?" With this assurance Clara Demijohn comforted herself as best she might.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW THEY LIVED AT TRAFFORD PARK

THERE certainly was no justification for the ill-humour which Lady Kingsbury displayed to her husband because Hampstead and his sister had been invited down to Castle Hautboy. The Hautboy people were her own relations,—not her husband's. If Lady Persiflage had taken upon herself to think better of all the evil things done by the children of the first Marchioness, that was not the fault of the Marquis! But to her thinking this visit had been made in direct opposition to her wishes and her interests. Had it been possible she would have sent the naughty young lord and the naughty young lady altogether to Coventry,—as far as all aristocratic associations were concerned. This encouragement of them at Castle Hautboy was in direct contravention of her ideas. But poor Lord Kingsbury had had nothing to do with it. "They are not fit to go to such a house as Castle Hautboy," she said. The Marquis, who was sitting alone in his own morning room at Trafford, frowned angrily. But her ladyship, too, was very angry. "They have disgraced themselves, and Geraldine should not have received them."

There were two causes for displeasure in this. In the first place the Marquis could not endure that such hard things should be said of his elder children. Then, by the very nature of the accusation made, there was a certain special honour paid to the Hauteville

family which he did not think at all to be their due. On many occasions his wife had spoken as though her sister had married into a House of peculiar nobility,—because, forsooth, Lord Persiflage was in the Cabinet, and was supposed to have made a figure in politics. The Marquis was not at all disposed to regard the Earl as in any way bigger than was he himself. He could have paid all the Earl's debts,—which the Earl certainly could not do himself,—and never have felt it. The social gatherings at Castle Hautboy were much more numerous than any at Trafford, but the guests at Castle Hautboy were often people whom the Marquis would never have entertained. His wife pined for the social influence which her sister was supposed to possess, but he felt no sympathy with his wife in that respect.

"I deny it," said the father, rising from his chair, and scowling at his wife as he stood leaning upon the table. "They have not disgraced themselves."

"I say they have." Her ladyship made her assertion boldly, having come into the room prepared for battle, and determined if possible to be victor. "Has not Fanny disgraced herself in having engaged herself to a low fellow, the scum of the earth, without saying anything even to you about it?"

"No!" shouted the Marquis, who was resolved to contradict his wife in anything she might say.

"Then I know nothing of what becomes a young woman," continued the Marchioness. "And does not Hampstead associate with all manner of low people?"

"No, never."

"Is not this George Roden a low person? Does he ever live with young men or with ladies of his own rank?"

"And yet you're angry with him because he goes to Castle Hautboy! Though, no doubt, he may meet people there quite unfit for society."

"That is not true," said the Marchioness. "My brother-in-law entertains the best company in Europe."

"He did do so when he had my son and my daughter under his roof."

"Hampstead does not belong to a single club in London," said the step-mother.

"So much the better," said the father, "as far as I know anything about the clubs. Hautboy lost fourteen hundred pounds the other day at the Pandemonium; and where did the money come from to save him from being expelled?"

"That's a very old story," said the Marchioness, who knew that her husband and Hampstead between them had supplied the money to save the young lad from disgrace.

"And yet you throw it in my teeth that Hampstead doesn't belong to any club! There isn't a club in London he couldn't get into to-morrow, if he were to put his name down."

"I wish he'd try at the Carlton," said her ladyship, whose father and brother, and all her cousins, belonged to that aristocratic and exclusive political association.

"I should disown him," said the still Liberal Marquis;—"that is to say, of course he'll do nothing of the kind. But to declare that a young man has disgraced himself because he doesn't care for club life, is absurd;—and coming from you as his stepmother is wicked." As he said this he bobbed his head at her, looking into her face as though he should say to her, "Now you have my true opinion about yourself." At this moment there came a gentle knock at the door, and Mr. Greenwood put in his head. "I am busy," said the Marquis very angrily. Then the unhappy chaplain retired abashed to his own rooms, which were also on the ground floor, beyond that in which his patron was now sitting.

"My lord," said his wife, towering in her passion, "if you call me wicked in regard to your children, I will not continue to live under the same roof with you."

"Then you may go away."

"I have endeavoured to do my duty by your children, and a very hard time I've had of it. If you think that your daughter is now conducting herself with propriety I can only wash my hands of her."

"Wash your hands," he said.

"Very well. Of course I must suffer deeply, because the shadow of the disgrace must fall more or less upon my own darlings."

"Bother the darlings," said the Marquis.

"They're your own children, my lord; your own children."

"Of course they are. Why shouldn't they be my own children? They are doing very well, and will get quite as good treatment as younger brothers ought to have."

"I don't believe you care for them the least in the world," said the Marchioness.

"That is not true. You know I care for them."

"You said 'bother the darlings' when I spoke of them." Here the poor mother sobbed, almost overcome by the contumely of the expression used towards her own offspring.

"You drive a man to say anything. Now look here. I will not have Hampstead and Fanny abused in my presence. If there be anything wrong I must suffer more than you because they are my children. You have made it impossible for her to live here—"

"I haven't made it impossible for her to live here. I have only done my duty by her. Ask Mr. Greenwood."

"D—Mr. Greenwood!" said the Marquis. He certainly did say the word at full length, as far as it can be said to have length, and with all the emphasis of which it was capable. He certainly did say it, though when the circumstance was afterwards not unfrequently thrown in his teeth, he would forget it and deny it. Her ladyship heard the word very plainly, and at once stalked out of the room, thereby showing that her feminine feelings had received a wrench which made it impossible for her any longer to endure the presence of such a foul-mouthed monster. Up to that moment she had been anything but the victor; but the vulgarity of the curse had restored to her much of her prestige, so that she was able to leave the battlefield as one retiring with all his forces in proper order. He had "bothered" his own children, and "damned" his own chaplain!

The Marquis sat awhile thinking alone, and then pulled a string by which communication was made between his room and that in which the clergyman sat. It was not a vulgar bell, which would have been injurious to the reverence and dignity of a clerical friend, as savouring of a menial's task work, nor was it a pipe for oral communication, which is undignified, as requiring a man to stoop and put his mouth to it,—but an arrangement by which a light tap was made against the wall so that the inhabitant of the room might know that he was wanted without any process derogatory to his self-respect. The Chaplain obeyed the summons and, lightly knocking at the door, again stood before the lord. He found the Marquis standing up on the hearth-rug, by which, as he well knew, it was signified that he was not intended to sit down. "Mr. Greenwood," said the Marquis in a tone of voice which was intended to be peculiarly mild, but which at the same time was felt to be menacing, "I do not mean at the present moment to have any conversation with you on the subject to which it is necessary that I should allude, and as I shall not ask for your presence for above a minute or two I will not detain you by getting you to sit down. If I can induce you to listen to me without replying to me it will, I think, be better for both of us."

"Certainly, my lord."

"I will not have you speak to me respecting Lady Frances."

"When have I done so?" asked the chaplain plaintively.

"Nor will I have you speak to Lady Kingsbury about her step-daughter." Then he was silent, and seemed to imply, by what he had said before, that the clergyman should now leave the room. The first order given had been very simple. It was one which the Marquis

certainly had a right to exact, and with which Mr. Greenwood felt that he would be bound to comply; but the other was altogether of a different nature. He was in the habit of constant conversation with Lady Kingsbury as to Lady Frances. Twice, three times, four times a day her ladyship, who in her present condition had no other confidant, would open out her sorrow to him on this terrible subject. Was he to tell her that he had been forbidden by his employer to continue this practice, or was he to continue it in opposition to the Marquis's wishes? He would have been willing enough to do as he was bidden, but that he saw that he would be driven to quarrel with the lord or the lady. The lord, no doubt, could turn him out of the house, but the lady could make the house too hot to hold him. The lord was a just man, though unreasonable, and would probably not turn him out without compensation; but the lady was a violent woman, who if she were angered would remember nothing of justice. Thinking of all this he stood distracted and vacillating before his patron. "I expect you," said the Marquis, "to comply with my wishes,—or to leave me."

"To leave Trafford?" asked the poor man.
 "Yes; to leave Trafford; to do that or to comply with my wishes on a matter as to which my wishes are certainly entitled to consideration. Which is it to be, Mr. Greenwood?"
 "Of course, I will do as you bid me." Then the Marquis bowed graciously as he still stood with his back to the fire, and Mr. Greenwood left the room.

Mr. Greenwood knew well that this was only the beginning of his troubles. When he made the promise he was quite sure that he would be unable to keep it. The only prospect open to him was that of breaking the promise and keeping the Marquis in ignorance of doing so. It would be out of his power not to follow any lead in conversation which the Marchioness might give him. But it might be possible to make the Marchioness understand that her husband must be kept in the dark as to any confidence between them. For, in truth, many secrets were now discussed between them, as to which it was impossible that her ladyship should be got to hold her tongue. It had come to be received as a family doctrine between them that Lord Hampstead's removal to a better world was a thing devoutly to be wished. It is astonishing how quickly, though how gradually, ideas of such a nature will be developed when entertainment has once been given to them. The Devil makes himself at home with great rapidity when the hall door has been opened to him. A month or two back, before her ladyship went to Königsgraff, she certainly would not have ventured to express a direct wish for the young man's death, however frequently her thoughts might have travelled in that direction. And certainly in those days, though they were yet not many weeks since, Mr. Greenwood would have been much shocked had any such suggestion been made to him as that which was now quite commonly entertained between them. The pity of it, the pity of it, the pity of it! It was thus the heart-broken mother put the matter, reconciling to herself her own wishes by that which she thought to be a duty to her own children. It was not that she and Mr. Greenwood had between them any scheme by which Lord Hampstead might cease to be in the way. Murder certainly had not come into their thoughts. But the pity of it; the pity of it! As Lord Hampstead was in all respects unfit for that high position which, if he lived he would be called upon to fill, so was her boy, her Lord Frederic, made to adorn it by all good gifts. He was noble-looking, gracious, and aristocratic from the crown of his little head to the soles of his little feet. No more glorious heir to a title made happy the heart of any British mother,—if only he were the heir. And why should it be allotted to her, a noble scion of the great House of Montessor, to be the mother of none but younger sons? The more her mind dwelt upon it, the more completely did the iniquity of her wishes fade out of sight, and her ambition appear to be no more than the natural anxiety of a mother for her child. Mr. Greenwood had no such excuses to offer to himself; but with him, too, the Devil having once made his entrance soon found himself comfortably at home. Of meditating Lord Hampstead's murder he declared to himself that he had no idea. His conscience was quite clear to him in that respect. What was it to him who might inherit the title and the property of the Traffords? He was simply discussing with a silly woman a circumstance which no words of theirs could do aught either to cause or to prevent. It soon seemed to be him to be natural that she should wish it, and natural also that he should seem to sympathise with her who was his best friend. The Marquis, he was sure, was gradually dropping him. Where was he to look for maintenance, but to his own remaining friend? The Marquis would probably give him something, were he dismissed;—but that something would go but a short way towards supporting him comfortably for the rest of his life. There was a certain living in the gift of the Marquis, the Rectory of Applescombe in Somersetshire, which would exactly suit Mr. Greenwood's needs. The incumbent was a very old man, now known to be bedridden. It was 800*l.* a year. There would be ample for himself and for a curate. Mr. Greenwood had spoken to the Marquis on the subject;—but had been told, with some expression of civil regret, that he was considered to be too old for new duties. The Marchioness had talked to him frequently of Applescombe;—but what was the use of that? If the Marquis himself were to die, and the Rector, then there would be a chance for him,—on condition that Lord Hampstead were also out of the way. But Mr. Greenwood, as he thought of it, shook his head at the barren prospect. His sympathies no doubt were on the side of the lady. The Marquis was treating him ill. Lord Hampstead was a disgrace to his order. Lady Frances was worse even than her brother. It would be a good thing that Lord Frederic should be the heir. But all this had nothing to do with murder,—or even with meditation of murder. If the Lord should choose to take the young man it would be well; that was all.

On the same afternoon, an hour or two after he had made his promise to the Marquis, Lady Kingsbury sent for him. She always did send for him to drink tea with her at five o'clock. It was so regular that the servant would simply announce that tea was ready in her ladyship's room upstairs. "Have you seen his lordship to-day?" she asked.

"Yes;—I have seen him."
 "Since he told you in that rude way to leave the room?"
 "Yes, he called me after that."
 "Well?"
 "He bade me not talk about Lady Frances."
 "I dare say not. He does not wish to hear her name spoken. I can understand that."
 "He does not wish me to mention her to you."
 "Not to me? Is my mouth to be stopped? I shall say respecting her whatever I think fit. I dare say, indeed!"
 "It was to my talking that he referred."
 "He cannot stop people's mouths. It is all nonsense. He should have kept her at Königsgraff, and locked her up till she had changed her mind."
 "He wanted me to promise that I would not speak of her to your ladyship."
 "And what did you say?" He shrugged his shoulders, and drank his tea. She shook her head and bit her lips. She would not hold her tongue be he ever so angry. "I almost wish that she would marry the man, so that the matter might be settled. I don't suppose he would ever mention her name then himself. Has she gone back to Hendon yet?"
 "I don't know, my lady."
 "This is his punishment for having run counter to his uncle's wishes and his uncle's principles. You cannot touch pitch and not

be defiled." The pitch, as Mr. Greenwood very well understood, was the first Marchioness. "Did he say anything about Hampstead?"

"Not a word."
 "I suppose we are not to talk about him either! Unfortunate young man! I wonder whether he feels himself how thoroughly he is destroying the family."

"I should think he must."
 "Those sort of men are so selfish that they never think of any one else. It does not occur to him what Frederic might be if he were not in the way. Nothing annoys me so much as when he pretends to be fond of the children."

"I suppose he won't come any more now."
 "Nothing will keep him away,—unless he were to die." Mr. Greenwood shook his head sadly. "They say he rides hard."

"I don't know." There was something in the suggestion which at the moment made the clergyman almost monosyllabic.

"Or his yacht might go down with him."
 "He never yachts at this time of the year," said the clergyman, feeling comfort in the security thus assured.

"I suppose not. Bad weeds never get cut off. But yet it is astonishing how many elder sons have been—taken away during the last quarter of a century."

"A great many."
 "There never could have been one who could be better spared," said the stepmother.

"Yes;—he might be spared."
 "If you only think of the advantage to the family! It will be ruined if he comes to the title. And my Fred would be such an honour to the name! There is nothing to be done, of course." That was the first word that had ever been spoken in that direction, and that word was allowed to pass without any reply having been made to it, though it had been uttered almost in a question.

(To be continued)



"THE DUTCH COUSIN," by the Hon. Mrs. H. W. Chetwynd (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall), is the work of a skilful pen which does not seem to find a congenial field in fiction. Of course descriptive power, good literary style, and good sense, when, as in the present case, they are found together, amount to an insurance against the production of fiction below the ordinary level. Indeed, considering the rarity among novelists of each of these qualities, exceptional credit for very important merits must be held due to "The Dutch Cousin." Nevertheless the effect is that of a house designed and built by one who has every sort of requisite for the work except a knowledge of architecture and building. The comparison is all the more apt if the theory be true that the qualities of mind needed by novelists and architects are identical: that every architect is a novelist *in posse*, and that every good novelist is a better architect spoiled. In any case, the construction of "The Dutch Cousin" exemplifies almost everything that construction ought not to be. It is too complicated, too rambling, too crowded, and too aimless altogether. The story covers three entire generations, and is so managed that unless all the details concerning the first generation be borne well in mind, the doings of the last cannot be intelligently followed. But, as the interest proper to each of the three dies with its death, both memory and intelligence are taxed over-severely. In short, the interest of the whole is frittered and muddled away, and; when the end is reached, the effect is of a formless void. To note the merest outline of the plot in a few words is perfectly out of the question, while the ground covered suggests nothing less than the voyage of the *Ceylon*. Starting from Utrecht, we pass to Scotland, Germany, Switzerland, Spain, Europe generally, Zululand, Australia. Two Amaras and one Mara play successively the part of heroine: three not easily distinguishable Gordons are rivals for the hand of Amara the second—one of them is the real, another the supposed, father of Mara. Obviously, therefore, the reader must make up his mind to a stiff piece of country. But though the course is bewildering, and indeed scarcely worth the trouble of taking, he will find some good bits by the way. As a guide to travel, the authoress writes with spirit and knowledge.

In "Faith and Unfaith" (3 vols.: Smith, Elder, and Co.), the anonymous authoress of "Phyllis," &c., has gone back upon the worst faults which marked the outset of her literary career, and from which her second work, "Mrs. Geoffrey," was comparatively free. She must therefore be called to task with very much more severity than if she had never shown her capacity for writing anything better than "Molly Bawn." Of course we are far from suggesting that "Faith and Unfaith" may not obtain an unfair measure of popularity. Indeed the faults are of a kind that the large number of readers who know no better have been found, by experience, to enjoy. For example, the frivolous idiocy (to speak gently) of the conversations is perhaps unsurpassable even among living men and women: and these same chatterings are set out with an apparently simple faith in their tenderness or brightness which must certainly enlist a measure of sympathy. The illiterate notion that the English language contains no tense, but the historic present is rampant throughout: it is a little surprising that the authoress admits the existence of its third person. The plot, it need hardly be said, turns upon imbecile and impossible misunderstandings—impossible, that is to say, except among imbeciles. It is impossible to get up the most determined sympathy with such hitherto unimagined simpletons as the characters of this story. The manner in which they catch at the least straw as an excuse for falsely disbelieving in those whom they know and love the best, has at least one element of power—that of trying the reader's temper. The critical temper ought, no doubt, never to feel tried. But though "Faith and Unfaith," of itself, may matter but little, yet the popularity of its school, the prospect of its repetition, the foregone certainty that its flippant ignorance of life and its contempt for style are actually in its favour—these things are certainly trying to those who hold that the work of the novelist is, in its influence for good and for harm, second to none.

"My Red Cross Knight" (1 vol.: J. Cornish and Son) is—so far as its first half is concerned—the story of a divinely-beautiful and weak-minded young man who dies in saving an acquaintance from drowning. The second half is the history of a squabble and making-up between a married couple—also weak-minded and beautiful. Indeed all the characters are distinguished by extraordinary beauty combined with extraordinary weakness of mind—so much so that, except in the case of the heartless coquette, Lady St. Valérie, (nearly all the English noblemen, by the way, bear French titles), it is not easy to distinguish them. Perhaps another exception should be made in favour of Lady Lucille, who performs "*A te, O cara*" in the warbling whistle she had learned as a child in Italy. The novel is altogether full of the results of inexperience and want of knowledge. But it has some qualities which, though they may not amount to decisive signs of promise, make it very unpleasant to condemn it as generally unsuccessful. Its purpose is high and healthy, and its gush, even when running into the most comical extremes, obviously sincere.

Mr. Anthony Trollope's "Why Frau Frohmann Raised Her

Prices," and other stories (1 vol.: W. Isbister), will certainly not disappoint any to whom the author's name is a justly sufficient recommendation. The "other stories" are "The Lady of Launay," "Christmas at Thompson Hall," "The Telegraph Girl," and "Alice Dugdale." To examine these separately would be a pleasant task, but would end in repeating the universally familiar characteristics of Mr. Trollope's shorter tales for the thousandth time. The account however of "Why Frau Frohmann Raised Her Prices" is, however, specially noteworthy as being something new in art—it is an idyll of political economy. By a certain magical touch, Mr. Trollope has turned the financial troubles of the elderly Tyrolean landlady of "The Peacock" into a little romance not without something like pathos—certainly not without a curiously unconscious sort of poetry. The substitution of hotel bills for love as a source of sentimental interest is not a bad idea.

BOOKS AND LIFE

IN this age of cheap books and cheap newspapers a man who is not engaged in severe manual labour owes much of the interest of his life to reading. He judges of political affairs less from what he hears than from what he reads, for his religious views he is probably more of a debtor to the press than to the pulpit, and to literature also he is largely indebted for the relaxation of his leisure hours. If a man loves idleness what pleasanter companion than a good novel can he have in his Castle of Indolence? If he be bent on self-culture, and is resolved to scorn delights and live laborious days, books are the indispensable tools without which he cannot work at all. Most of us must be content to gain our knowledge at second-hand. We cannot make discoveries, we are satisfied to know results. The wisdom of age is garnered up on the shelves of our libraries, and it is left for us to acquire, to estimate, and to select. "Always choose what is best in Literature," was the advice of Goethe, and it has been repeated by Mr. Emerson; but what is best for a reader need not always be the best intrinsically. There are moods in which it is possible to gain more from writers of inferior mark than from the great masters of literature; moments when the mind fails to grasp "the large utterance of the early gods." No doubt, the more we know of life the better can we judge of the worth or worthlessness of books, but our knowledge of men must at the best be partial and circumscribed, without a knowledge of history and of human nature as depicted by the hand of genius. Intercourse with our fellows serves to remove rust, and to knock off angular corners; friction with the living world is helpful in a thousand ways, blessing him that gives and him that takes, but it will not supply the delicate and generous nourishment which the mind gains by converse with Homer and Plato, with Shakespeare and with Milton.

Poetry, which is "a criticism of life" (and something more, Mr. Arnold), is indeed a most fruitful and suggestive instructor in the art of living, and there is no branch of literature which so widens our range of thought. Through it, to quote in a somewhat new, but not alien sense, the words of Wordsworth, we see into the life of things. And even the genius of the poet, a divine gift as precious as it is rare, needs for its full development the culture of books. Our greatest English poets have been for the most part great students and largely discursive readers. Chaucer was versed in all the knowledge of his time, Shakespeare's classical learning may have been far less than his friend Ben Jonson's, but his acquisitions were so great that many a specialist has concluded he must have given his principal attention to his pursuit. He was a lawyer, cries one, a medical student, exclaims a second, a profound psychologist, says a third, and in one sense he was all these, for his intellect sought for food everywhere. Spenser, who played great pranks with his learning, had a goodly store to draw from, and Milton, called by Nature to the task, essayed to master all the knowledge accessible in his century. Even in his old age, with "darkness before, and danger's voice behind," he did not drop the habits of the student, but found in wise books the "precious life-blood of master-spirits." "Surely," says Mr. Matthew Arnold, "the one thing wanting to make Wordsworth an even greater poet than he is, his thought richer, and his influence of wider application—was that he should have read more books." Crabbe Robinson relates that a stranger visiting Rydal Mount asked the servant to show him the poet's study. "This is master's library," she said, pointing to the room, "but he studies in the fields." But if Wordsworth was a little too negligent of books he cannot be said to have regarded with indifference the great masters of his art. "When I began," he once said, "to give myself up to the profession of a poet for life, I was impressed with a conviction that there were four English poets whom I must have continually before me as examples—Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton. These I must study and equal if I could." And though Wordsworth was far from being like his friend Southey, a bookish man, who spent his days among the dead, he it was who suggested that the reader who wished to understand the art of modern poets should first study the ancients. Southey, by the way, who hated London as much as Dr. Johnson loved it, cannot be said to have been greatly injured in character by his passion for retirement and for books. No man ever fulfilled more admirably all the duties of life; no man ever had a warmer heart or a more honourable and generous nature; no man of letters could have done greater credit to the profession he had chosen. Of the learning of living poets it does not become us to speak, but it is scarcely necessary to point out how vividly the connection between books and life is illustrated in the great works of Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning.

Next to Poetry, History, one of the widest of sciences, is perhaps the noblest interpreter of life. Putting aside religious questions, the most eager controversies of our day are associated with politics. Every man who pays taxes and listens to the copious vocabulary of stump orators thinks himself a politician. But if he be ignorant of past history his opinion of living statesmen is almost without value. It is more likely to be a party prejudice than an unfettered judgment. Then, again, the student of nature, whose mind, to use Lord Bacon's words, "works upon matter," can study no science effectively without knowing what discoveries have been already made in that science. Before he makes experiments, or while making them, he must read books, for thus only can he lay a firm foundation for future discovery and research. It is impossible, indeed, for a man to read too much, provided only he understands how to use his knowledge. For it is possible to be a great student without gaining any accurate acquaintance with the world around us, and the man who looks at life solely through the spectacles of books will have his vision miserably contracted. His own eyes, for lack of their natural use, will see nothing clearly, his mind will be weakened by the burden of other men's knowledge. So true is it that continual plodders gain little for their pains, and that the "base authority of others' books" helps a man very little in the struggle of life.

J. D.

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA does not wish her daughters to inherit her love of horses, and tries to discourage all riding propensities in her youngest girl, the Archduchess Valérie. The young Austrian Princess, however, does not fall in with her mother's plans, and, though only thirteen, is already a daring rider and admirable whip.

THE TRADE OF ST. CRISPIN ACROSS THE ALPS is evidently profitable, to judge by the fact that in Italy there are more shoemakers in proportion to the population than in any other country of the world. England and Germany stand next on the list, and Sweden comes last of all.



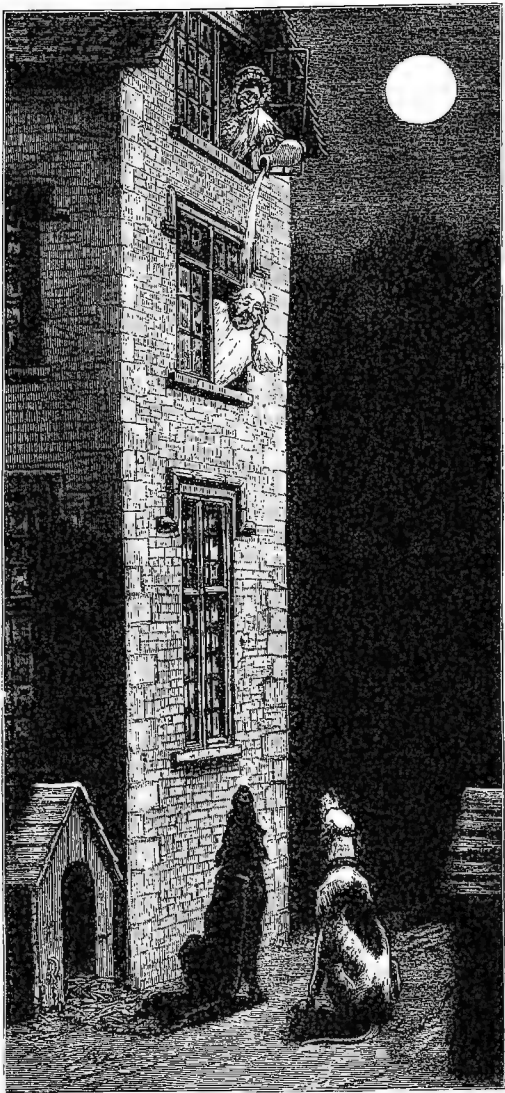
PLANTAGENET TROT, ESQ., WHISTLING FOR THE DOG



THE KEEPER GOES TO FETCH THE NEW DOGS



THE BOY BRINGS UP THE POINTER



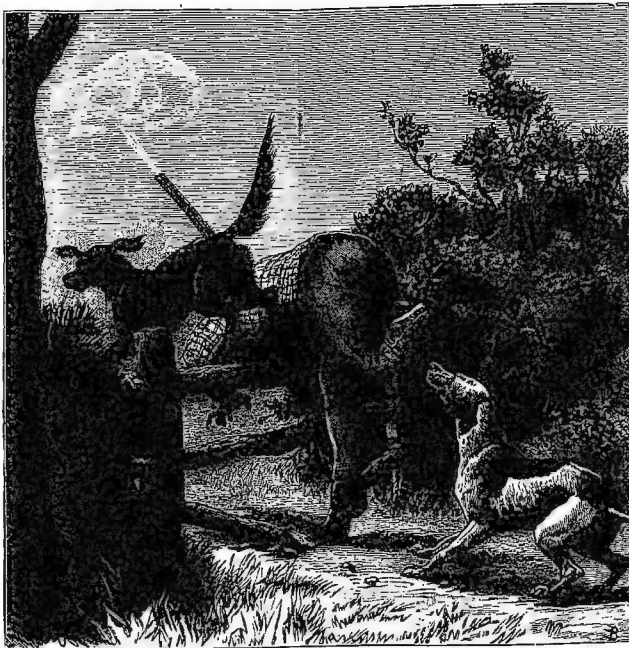
"AYE WAKIN', OH!"



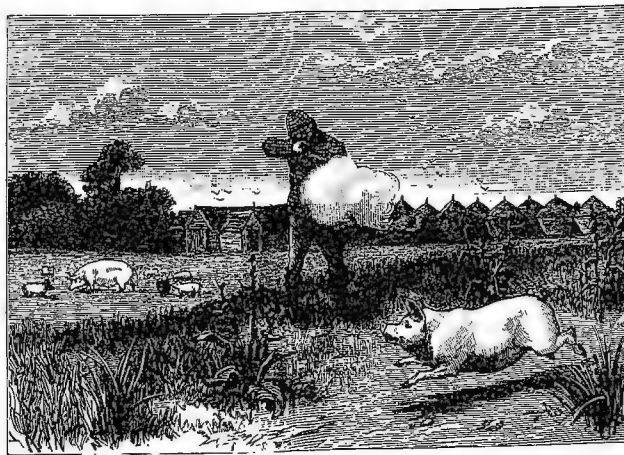
THE POINTER DOES NOT RUN STEADY WITH SHEEP



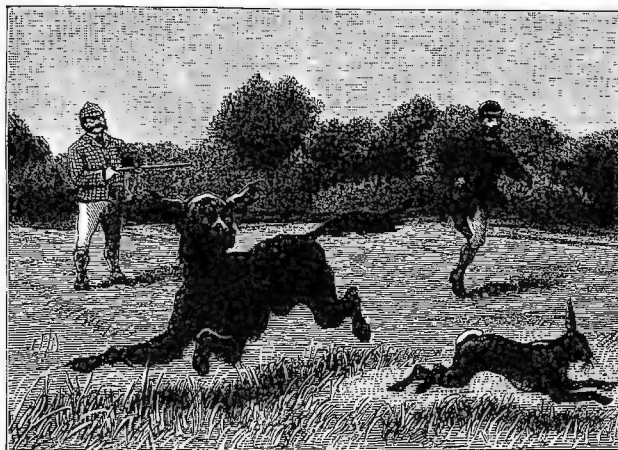
A SPLENDID POINT



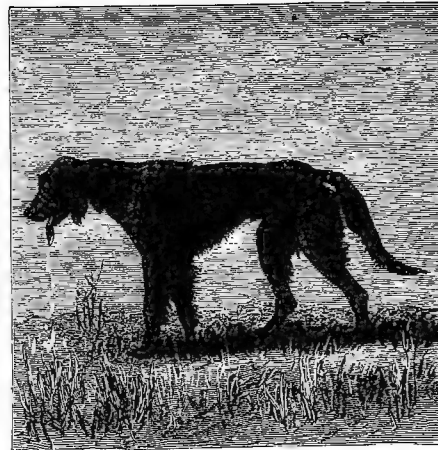
MR. TROT BREAKS HIS SPECTACLES



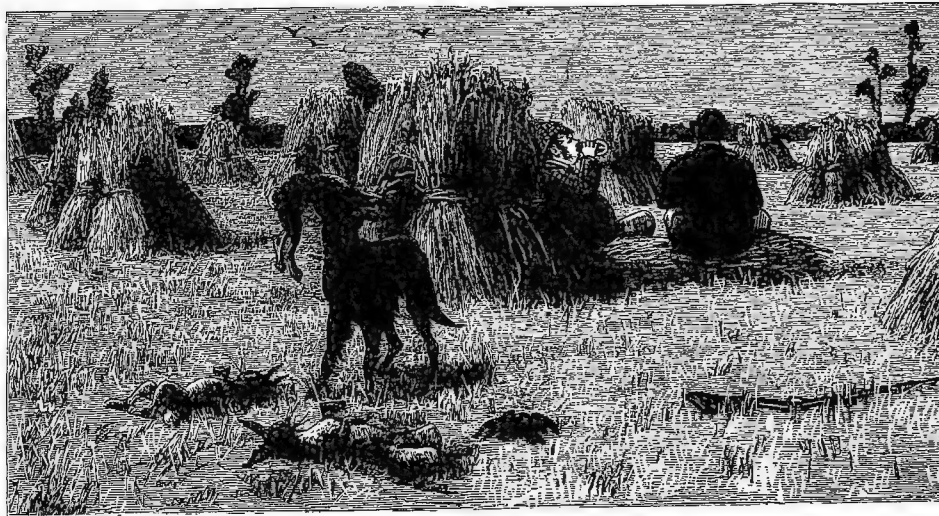
AN EASY SHOT AT LAST



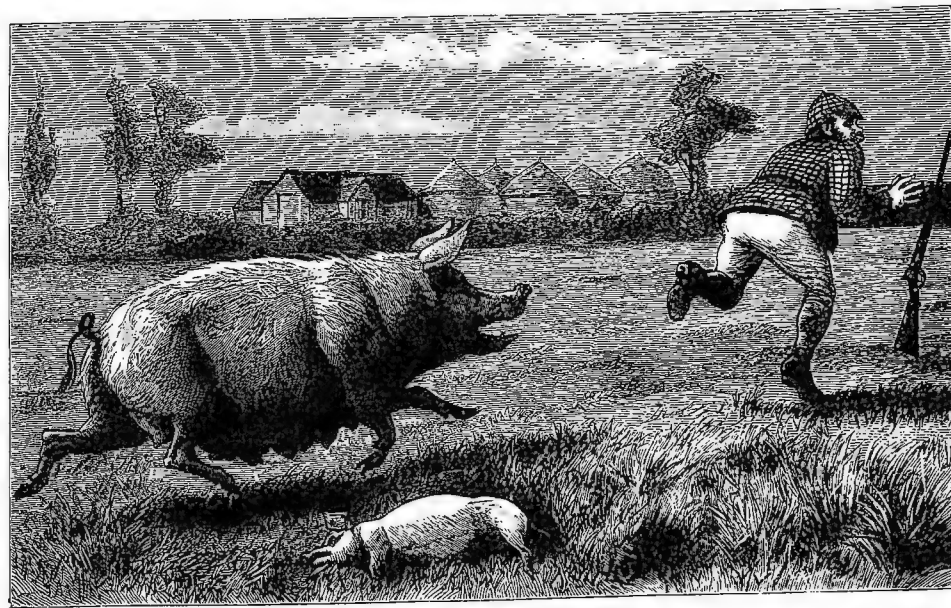
NOT QUITE STEADY AT FUR



THE POOR DOG APPEARS TIRED



MR. P. TROT HAS LUNCHEON-SO HAS THE DOG



MAMMA AVENGES HER OFFSPRING

MR. PLANTAGENET TROT AND HIS DOGS

MY FRIENDS THE OWLS

AN eldritch screech of a thoroughly blood-curdling character, a cry that seems to enter the brain and then make its way electrically right down the spinal marrow, if uttered close to your head in a lonely wood or solitary orchard upon a dark night, especially if the cry be seen to proceed from something weirdly white, which glides by on a silent evening, is to the ordinary mind quite enough excuse for that most lovely of birds, the barn owl, being regarded with superstitious awe. For there is no doubt whatever that its cry when alarmed is enough to give a shock to the unprepared nerves of the most strong of our kind.

The mention of the cry of an owl immediately suggests the "tu-whit, tu-whoo" of Shakespeare; but the bird that utters this or a similar cry is the scarcer brown or hoot owl. My friend of whom I treat is the white, barn, or screech owl, the creature looked upon as an enemy, when it ought decidedly never to grace the keeper's tree, for it is an excellent friend to man. In early days as a town boy I have often read with the greatest of interest the account of Waterton's Owlery, little thinking that fate would place me in mature life within fifty yards of a place where owls breed freely year after year unmolested, and showing so little dread of man that as soon as the night begins to fall they will glide about the garden, perch upon roof and shed, and diligently spend the hours of obscurity hunting for mice and young rats. Making themselves pleasant companions, too, it may be said, by uttering their fearsome shrieks. Most fortunately the peculiar shriek is very rarely uttered, and only, according to my experience, when the bird is frightened by being suddenly surprised upon the wing. As a rule, its cry when hunting is a peculiar low querulous utterance, something like that of an ordinary sea-gull, and the nearest idea that can be given is in the word *pee-ew* rather long drawn out; but the young birds, when fully grown and able to leave the nest and sit at the holes of the old pigeon-cote, where they were hatched, keep on regularly uttering a loud deep hiss, something like the stertorous breathing of a heavy sleeper, accompanying it with a peculiar writhe of the neck and roll of the head. This hiss is probably to give notice of their whereabouts to the parent birds, who are ardently hunting tit-bits for their offspring, and who return every few minutes, all silent, coming with either a young rat or mouse in their formidable claws. It must, however, be owned that the diet is occasionally varied by a young rabbit, one of the very small unfortunates whose nocturnal habits have rendered it liable to seizure; and no doubt other things would share the same fate—young pheasants or partridges—only that when the owl is abroad they are safely gathered beneath the maternal wing, snug in the brooding warmth, so that it is really folly upon the keeper's part to destroy this lovely bird.

Lovely, indeed, for anything more exquisite than the buff and grey of its upper surface, the snowy silky purity of its under plumage, and the wondrous softness of its pens and flight, it is impossible to conceive. Other birds may be more graceful in shape, but the radiation of the feathers around the full large eye of the white owl is a beauty of itself, and a piece of Nature's handiwork beyond compare. It is with perfect justice, then, that the white owl is dubbed a lovely bird; but anything more hideous and goblin-like than its young it is impossible to conceive. No wonder that such artists as Calcott seized upon them to give effect to their weirdly grotesque scenes. Huge of head, thin and miserable of body, with staring eyes and hideous beak, the young owl is a very caricature of its aged parents, and when half-grown might be passed off as their featherless grandfather, tended affectionately by his children when old and unable to fly.

The proximity of their breeding place of course invites a visit or two, and, without setting up for naturalist or observer, I may venture to put forward a fact or two that I have not seen noted in such zoological works as have come under my notice. It is commonly known that owls have two or three sets of young in the course of a season; but, as far as I can make out, after sitting upon the first egg or pair of eggs, and hatching the birds, no farther effort in incubation is made. Directly after the owlets are out of the shell, the hen bird lays one or two more beautiful white eggs, but does not sit, devoting herself to feeding the insatiable little monsters she has started into life, and the warmth of their bodies hatches the next owlet. This one hatched, another egg is laid with the same result, that it is vivified by the young ones' warmth, escapes from the shell, and once more an egg or two occupy the nest, so that in the same corner in a shallow downy spot may be seen an owlet three-parts grown, another half-grown, another, a few hours old, and a couple of eggs—four stages in all, and, if inspected by day, the three youngsters will be seen huddled together in very good fellowship, one and all fast asleep, and the eggs in the coldest place outside. The sight is not pleasing, as may be supposed from the above description of the young owls; but if the eye be offended what is to be said of the nose? Take something in a bad state of putrefaction and arithmetically square it, the result will be an approach to the foul odour of a nest of owls in hot weather. The reason is not far to seek when it is borne in mind that the owl is a bird of prey; but all the same I have visited the nest earlier in the season and found the place quite scentless, and that too at a time when ranged in a semi-circle about the young were no less than twenty-two young rats and full-grown mice, so fresh that they must have been caught during the preceding night, the larder being supplemented by a couple of young rabbits. If then a pair of owls provide so many specimens of mischievous vermin in a night, they certainly earn the title of friends of man.

It may be argued that, inhabiting a pigeon cote, the youngsters were the offspring of two or three pairs, but as far as I can make out, a single pair only occupy the cote from year to year, the young birds seeking a home elsewhere; and I may say for certain that the old birds do not come near their young and eggs by day, generally passing the time in some ivy-shaded tree while the sun is above the horizon, far away from the cote containing their sleeping babes.

When fully fledged and nearly ready to fly, if the strong scent is risked and a visit paid, the birds start into something approaching to wakefulness, and, huddling up together, will stare and hiss at the intruder, ready to resist handling with beak and claw, and a clutch from a full-grown owl's set of claws is no light matter, for Nature has endowed them with most powerful muscles, and an adaptability for their use that is most striking. When hunting for food the owl glides along on silent wing, beside some barn or stack, and woe betide the cowering mouse or ratling that is busy on the grain. As the owl passes over, down goes one leg, and four sharp claws have snatched the little quadruped from the ground, the four points seeming to slope towards a common centre, so that escape is impossible. Every seizure is performed with the claws, the beak being reserved for dividing the animal when too large, and not degraded into forming an instrument for seizure or carriage of the prey. I have had owls calmly seated upon my hand, but for a very short time, and I cannot recommend ladies to try them for pets, for the sooner they are perched elsewhere the more pleasant it is for the skin, their claws being exquisitely sharp.

The old birds are, as a rule, most shy, and ready to take alarm; but in the days, I should say evenings, of their youth, the young birds are more trusting or easily deceived. For instance, this autumn, after leaving the nest night by night, and perching in the cedars, on the summer-house, or even upon the roof, or on the bedroom windows, hissing and snoring as they waited for their suppers, the time comes when they begin to hunt for themselves, and very beautiful it is to watch them down the garden, or by the wood, hawking after the field mice, perching on the hedges, fences, even on the ground beneath the trees, their white breasts making them

easily distinguishable, and their soft, silent, easy flight seeming like something in a dream. At these times they are so wanting in experience that a shrill chirrup in imitation of a rodent's squeak will bring them from a distance, and I have had them sail round and round my head and hover within a yard of my face, as if silently asking had I seen that mouse; and so long as I remained still, they would flit about and, being disappointed, depart; but return again and again at the slightest squeak, even if a hundred yards away. Let me but move, though, and take a step towards them, and there was the hideous screech uttered as they took flight. But if disposed to observe and remain silent, there is ample opportunity for noting their actions either in flight or perched solemnly upon some lichen-covered apple-tree of the old orchard.

Birds fall freely to the gun in this neighbourhood. The great coveys of partridges have been thinned, and are now, as sportsmen say, wild as hawks. The lordly pheasant's crow at nightfall is not so common as it was earlier in the year, for reports have echoed loudly at the edges of the woods; but as a rule the owl in Sussex is sacred, and a drive along the quiet lanes by night is often followed by a sight of one or two of these much-maligned birds. The woods are many and the chance of seclusion great; and fortunate this for the dwellers thereabouts. For if over a score or so of rats and mice can be captured in a night or two by one pair of owls, how many of these rodents would there be where there were no owls? This is a question in arithmetic that may commend itself to the grower of grain, with whom the solution of this problem is left. But *hiss—hiss—hiss*—there are a couple of my friends outside the window as I write these lines.

GEO. MANVILLE FENN



EVEN if there was much less truth in Darwinism than there undoubtedly is, we should owe it a debt of gratitude for having evolved such a pleasant companion for a country ramble as Mr. Grant Allen. We will not go so far as to call him the Gilbert White of to-day; his modesty would repudiate the title; nevertheless, in "Vignettes from Nature" (Chatto and Windus), as in the "The Evolutionist at Home," he shows himself a keen observer and a true lover of nature in those aspects in which she is oftenest misunderstood or neglected. Though uncompromising, he is by no means fanatical in his adherence to the new faith. Careful to point out that we to-day are none the more gorillas because we hold that man's very remote ancestor was a sort of distant cousin to the gorilla, he warns us neither to shut our eyes, like Mr. Ruskin, to the elementary facts disclosed by biology, nor, on the other hand, "to try to resolve our whole existence into quadrumanous elements." This is well expressed, and is only one instance of Mr. Allen's reasonableness; indeed we never saw the truths of geology and the lessons of evolution set forth more soberly. The little book is a charming medley, taking us from fallow deer, the growth of whose antlers is traced to "use and wont," to cam-pions and nettles and a dozen other kinds of weeds; and from the carp-ponds whose inhabitants were not "brought in by the monks," were indeed unknown in England till the beginning of the seventeenth century, to the Welsh dolmens. Mr. Allen calls them cromlechs, but none the less spirited is his account of how one of these prehistoric tombs was made, and of the rites, bloody as Dahomey customs, with which it was probably inaugurated. We demur, however, to his assumption that such tombs are pre-Celtic; whether the Celts built them or not, they certainly used them; indeed in West Cornwall they were used up to late Roman times. "Vignettes" is a book to be marked and learned in prospect of the short spring tour, as well as of the longer autumn holiday.

Whoever cares to discuss the question whether Hindoo architecture was self-evolved, or (as Mr. Fergusson insists) was borrowed from the Greeks, should read Baboo Rajendralala Mitra's "Indo-Aryans" (Stanford, London; Newman, Calcutta). The matter has not always been argued with philosophic calmness. Mr. J. Burgess, Archaeological Surveyor of Western India, is accused by Dr. Rajendralala of "changing front under cover of a shower of scornful remarks unworthy of him and of his subject." Even Mr. Fergusson "does not show that fairness and frankness which were to be expected from him." The Baboo does not like being told that his ancestors could not build with anything better than mud and wattle; the Irish archaeologists were annoyed with Mr. Parker for saying the same thing of "the Celt," instead of being amused at his doing so in the teeth of the clearest evidence. But these essays (many of them reprinted from the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal) are by no means confined to architecture; they treat of beef-eating and beer-drinking in Ancient India; of the origin of the Hindi language; of the primitive Aryans; of suttee, unrecognised in the oldest Vedas, &c. We take it quite coolly that an educated Hindoo should produce two big octavo volumes in excellent English, forgetting how few Englishmen are capable of doing anything of the same kind in any foreign tongue. How many, for instance, since Gibbon's time have been able to write readable French? We do not say that to produce a well-reasoned English essay is the best thing a young Hindoo could aim at doing, but to do it shows just that kind of power the possessors of which will be sure to grumble and agitate if the higher civil appointments are much longer kept closed against them. Full of interest to the scholar, these volumes also contain much to interest the general reader. They are the more valuable because they not only contain lively pictures of early Hindoo social life, but also because they give the original Sanskrit of the passages quoted.

House decoration has become an art instead of a mere handicraft, and poets do not disdain to make wall-papers as well as to invent patterns. No wonder, then, that the second volume of M. Charles Blanc's "Grammaire des Arts Décoratifs" (Paris: Librairie Renouard), treating of inside house decoration, should be a portly volume of some 500 pages. It is beautifully illustrated, and the type and paper will satisfy the most exacting. We call attention to the chapter on carpets, in which M. Blanc gives due pre-eminence to Oriental work, remarking that the study of Turkestan and Persian and Indian carpets is indispensable to the European manufacturer. After his manner, he intersperses his art-teaching with pleasant chit-chat; *à propos* of carpets, for instance, he takes us to the opening of the Suez Canal. The *tapis d'orient*, from his own collection, is simply perfect; and so is his *lustre de vénise*. We are glad that he condescends to photographic albums; for he makes them the occasion of some good remarks on photographic portraiture, and also of two excellent chapters on Japanese albums. He admits that England is "the classic land of illustrated children's books," naming Walter Crane and Kate Greenaway; but as to English drawing-rooms he seems to draw on his imagination; middle-class folks, he says, hang nothing on the walls of their *salons de compagnie*, "no doubt because the ladies wish not to distract the attention of the visitors from themselves." Let no one be frightened at the formidable size of M. Blanc's "Grammar;" his style is as pleasant as his judgment in art-matters is sound.

"The South of France—East Half" (Black) fully deserves to have reached a third edition. It takes us along the Riviera from Montpelier and Marseilles to Florence and Leghorn, and it also devotes twenty pages to Corsica. By a simple but very useful arrangement the routes will serve either way; from Paris to Marseilles, for instance, may be taken equally well *en revers*. Another good feature is that

the places of interest in the towns are described in the order of their position, so that anyone who is in a hurry may see them all without losing time in running to and fro. The traveller for health, however, is warned that he should never be in a hurry. There is no magic in climate; it will effectively help remedial measures, but over sight-seeing is sure to do away with its good effects. The maps are numerous, and very clear.

The second volume of Mr. T. Archer's "William Ewart Gladstone and His Contemporaries" (Blackie) opens with the coming in of Free Trade, and interweaves with lives of Cobden, Earl Russell, Garibaldi, Lord Derby, &c., the history of the time down to the outbreak of the Crimean War. The book is an excellent one for its purpose, which is the glorification of Liberalism and of what is called progress. As to stating both sides, that rarely enters into Mr. Archer's plan; else he might have told us that "infamous" as was the truck-system, the fault was not in the idea but in the carrying out. A manufacturer or landowner who should supply a really good thing at a fair price (should, in fact, bring the service-store into our villages), would be a public benefactor. Some of the portraits are good; but that of Lord John gives the idea not at all of "the widow's mite," but rather of a man of somewhat extra size.

In Mr. J. S. Winter's "Cavalry Life" (Chatto and Windus), most of the stories turn on the course of love true and untrue, with a fair mixture of practical jokes such as used to be the *agréments* of barrack life before the days of competitive examinations. The love affairs generally (not always) end happily, and the whole tone and contents of the book are unimpeachably moral. Mr. Winter adds to the interest of his pleasant tales by assuring us that they are true. He takes "a real soldier out of a real regiment, gives him somebody else's real name, puts real jokes into his mouth, and relates real incidents which happened to him or to somebody else." The result is two very readable volumes of sketches, just the thing for a dull afternoon in a dull seaside place when it is impossible to get out. Some few of the stories have a tragic flavour; "The Hero of the Regiment" takes us to the Indian Mutiny; "A Regimental Autocrat" (we trust they are rare) brings death to three gallant chargers and broken bones to two of their riders. One thing will be news to most of Mr. Winter's non-military readers. The number of younger sons, each the handsomest man and the best fellow going, who are living half *incog*, as sergeants, is something startling; and still stranger is the way in which the penniless girls of their own rank, who were overhead and ears in love with but could not marry them, always come in for fortunes, which they hasten to offer with their hands (their hearts had gone long before) to the said gentlemen in disguise.



MESSRS. BREWER AND CO.—"A Christmas Bouquet" contains some well-chosen dance-music by favourite composers, and with its dainty frontispiece will prove a welcome gift to a merry young player.—Very fair specimens of dance-music, although none are strikingly original, all of which are prettily frontispiced, are "The Merry New Year Polka," by Alfred Lee; "The Viola Valse," by E. Southwell; "The Forest Swing Polka," by H. F. Howlett; and "The Christmas Greeting Schottische," by W. Smallwood.—No. 15 of "Sabbath Recreations" is a collection of sacred airs, by J. Pridham, very useful for the home circle on Sunday: "Oh, Lovely Peace" (Handel), a vocal duet, is the leading piece therein.—"The Abandoned" is a pathetic descriptive song for a contralto, written and composed by T. F. Simms and J. P. Knight.

MESSRS. WEEKES AND CO.—"The Primrose Wreath" is a pleasing poem, written by M. G. M., in memory of the Earl of Beaconsfield, who was especially fond of this woodland blossom. The simple and appropriate music is by Franz Walde.—Two showy and not difficult pieces for the pianoforte are "The Song of the Brook," by Gavin McFadyean; and "Undine," a gavotte in F, by Carl Edelweiss.

MESSRS. RANSFORD AND SON.—Remarkably graceful with its flowing accompaniment is "Two Streamlets," the pretty words are from the Persian of Hafiz, the music by Henry Pontet; this narrative song is of medium compass.—"Oftentimes" and "The Rest of the Story" are two pleasing songs of medium compass, written and composed by Mary Mark Lemon and Cotsford Dick.—"Gavotte Pastorale" and "Rosaline Gavotte," by Edwin Boggetti, are fair specimens of their type, but cannot lay claim to much originality.—"Piquante," *mazurka de salon*, by W. Vandervell, is a cheerful and tuneful after-dinner piece, this composer has proved equally successful with "The Knights of the Garter Lancers."—Danceable and melodious are "La Vivacité Polka," by Georges Lamothés, and "Toujours à Toi Valse," by R. Herzen.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A brace of songs of more than average merit, music by Frederic H. Cowen, are "The River Songs," the favourite tenor air from the sacred cantata *Saint Ursula*, and "Who Knows," the words by F. E. Weatherly (Messrs. Metzler and Co.).—"Daisy Dell" and "The Knight's Guerdon," music by Percy Hall, words by E. Oxenford, are tuneful, but of a very ordinary type (Messrs. Willey and Co.).—One of the prettiest and most home-like ballads of the day, which would earn a well-merited encore at a People's Concert, is "Stay, Johnnie, Stay," written and composed by J. W. Dunn.—Not a bad specimen of the burlesque school is "Will You Be My Hollyhock," written and composed by H. Hunter and E. Foreman (Francis Bros. and Day).—Of the ultra-romantic school, as its name would betoken, is "My Own Adored Love," written and composed by G. R. King. A baritone of a fervent disposition, and with a susceptible heart, will make a favourable impression with this song (Messrs. King and Co.).—"I'm Glad My Heart's My Ain" is a piquant Scotch ballad, arranged by W. Watson; it is the proud boast of a lassie that her heart is, for a time, whole (Messrs. Methven, Simpson, and Co.).—The sentiments are heroic, and are set to appropriate music, of "Duty's Call," words by "C. S.," music by M. E. Seale (Messrs. Duff and Stewart).—"Around the Throne of England," a new national part song, glows with loyal sentiments; both words and music are highly creditable to Harold E. Stidolph, who has written and composed both (Messrs. Novello, Ever, and Co.).—"A Gavotte in A Flat" for the pianoforte, by Livesey Carrott, is of more than ordinary merit, and by its originality proves that there is something yet left to be done with this hackneyed school of music (Lamborn Cock).

LADY APPLICANTS for work of all kinds seem as numerous across the Atlantic as in our own country. One Transatlantic official had 2,000 applications for twenty situations as copyists, at 6d. 10s. a month. Talking of American ladies, one enthusiastic upholder of feminine rights wants the name of the Pullman cars altered to either "Pull-man-and-woman," or "Pull-irrespective-of-sex cars."

A FRENCH "RAILWAY JACK" inhabits the station of Dol in Brittany, whose mission is to warn passengers to keep out of danger. The poor dog was once injured by a passing train, having his nose crushed and a foot cut off. Ever since he watches for each train to be signalled, and on its arrival limps close to the train and barks vigorously until it leaves the station, then lying down quietly till the next arrives.

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Have gained the HIGHEST distinctions at all the recent INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS, including the Two Gold Medals, Melbourne, 1881; the First Prize Queensland, 1880; the Two First Special Prizes, and Special Diploma, Sydney, 1880; the Legion of Honour, Paris, 1878;

THE DIPLOMA OF HONOUR AND GOLD MEDAL, South Africa, 1877

THE GRAND MEDAL OF HONOUR and DIPLOMA OF MERIT, Philadelphia, 1876.

The DIPLOMA OF HONOUR, Paris, 1874, and the HONORARY MEMBERSHIP OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF FRANCE.

THE GOLD MEDAL, Paris, 1870.

THE DIPLOMA OF EXTRAORDINARY MERIT Netherlands International Exhibition, 1869.

THE MEDAL OF HONOUR, Paris, 1857.

THE PRIZE MEDAL, London, 1862, &c.

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SOSTENENTE PIANOS,For Extreme Climates,
With the Perfect Check Repeater Action,
Patented 1862, 1861, 1871, 1875, 1879, 1881,
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"Paris, Sept. 8, 1878.
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(Court Pianist to the Emperor of Germany.)**JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'**
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"W. KUHE."

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"Illustrated London News, Oct. 22, 1881.
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Cures Coughs, Colds, Catarrhs, and Respiratory Ailments.**GLYKALINE effectually relieves**

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Cures (and instantly relieves) Toothache, Neuralgia, and Nerve Pains.**NEURALINE is recognised as a**

reliable Specific in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, and corresponding disorders. It relieves INSTANTANEOUSLY, and will be found invaluable to all who are afflicted.

NEURALINE never fails to give

relief. It is in demand throughout the world. As a sure specific against Nerve Pains it is deservedly celebrated, a single application (in many cases) permanently relieving the sufferer. Sir James Matheson received the following letter from Mr. Edgar of Butt Light-house, Island of Lewis, N.B.:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline. It proved THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY SHE HAD EVER APPLIED. The relief experienced was almost instantaneous."

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Preserves the Hands, the Skin, and the Lips.**AUROSINE quickly removes Chaps,**

Unsightliness, and Roughness of Skin, effects of sea-air, &c., and (especially in Winter) protects the exposed cuticle from atmospheric attacks and the influences of exposure. It renders the surface of the skin beautifully smooth; imparts suppleness, whiteness, and the natural hue of health, while in no degree impeding the pores, but, on the contrary, AUROSINE is pleasant to use and agreeable in its perfume, while colourless and not greasy. In bottles, 1s. 1/2d. by post, 1s. 4d.

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The Best Elixir for the Teeth and Gums.

This elegant and approved preparation may be used in all confidence. It cleanses and whitens the Teeth, guards them against decay, improves and preserves the enamel, and renders the Gums, while benefiting their condition, as an astringent, antiseptic, and detergent, the Dentifrice is widely esteemed and in increasing demand. It effectually disguises the odour of Tobacco. In bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 4d. and 1s. 10d.

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A new and invaluable discovery, alleviating and removing Headache, Constipation, Derangement of the Liver, Biliousness, and Nausea. This preparation, by stimulating the Stomach, promotes its healthy action, removing Dulness, Giddiness, and the feeling of Prostration. BERBERINE is really excellent for Colic and Pains in the Back; while against Indigestion and constipation it is unrivalled. Sold by all Chemists, in bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

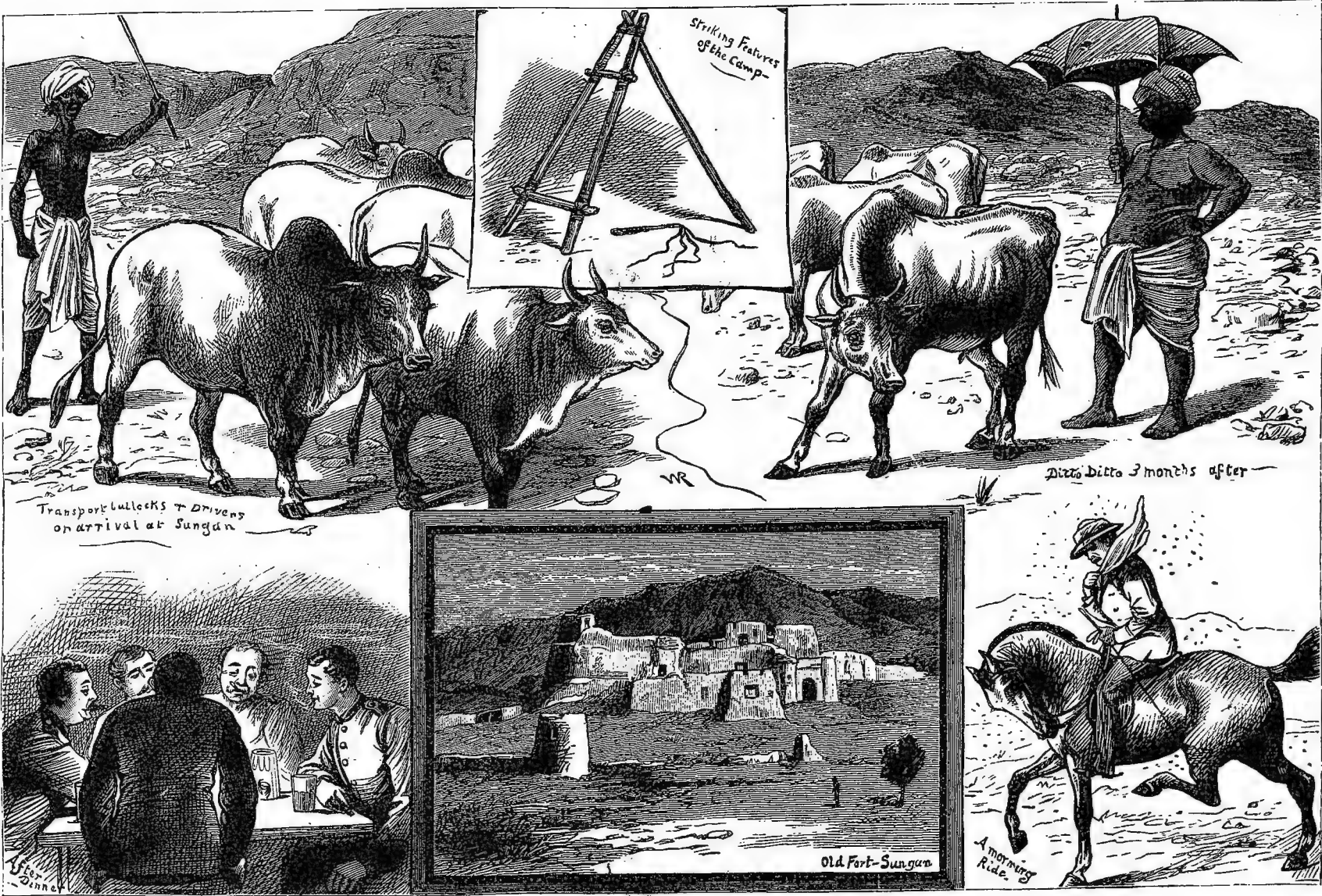
OZONISED OIL,THE NEW PREPARATION
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By the use of this Oil, not only is the Hair nourished and its natural appearance improved, but decay and weakness are arrested, the growth quickened, and the hair rendered more elastic. It is proportionately welcome to all who complain of their Hair falling off, as OZONISED OIL distinctly and speedily strengthens the fibre, while merely requiring to be well brushed into the roots. The New Preparation is NOT A DYE, and may be unhesitatingly used. Sold in bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d., 2s., and 3s.

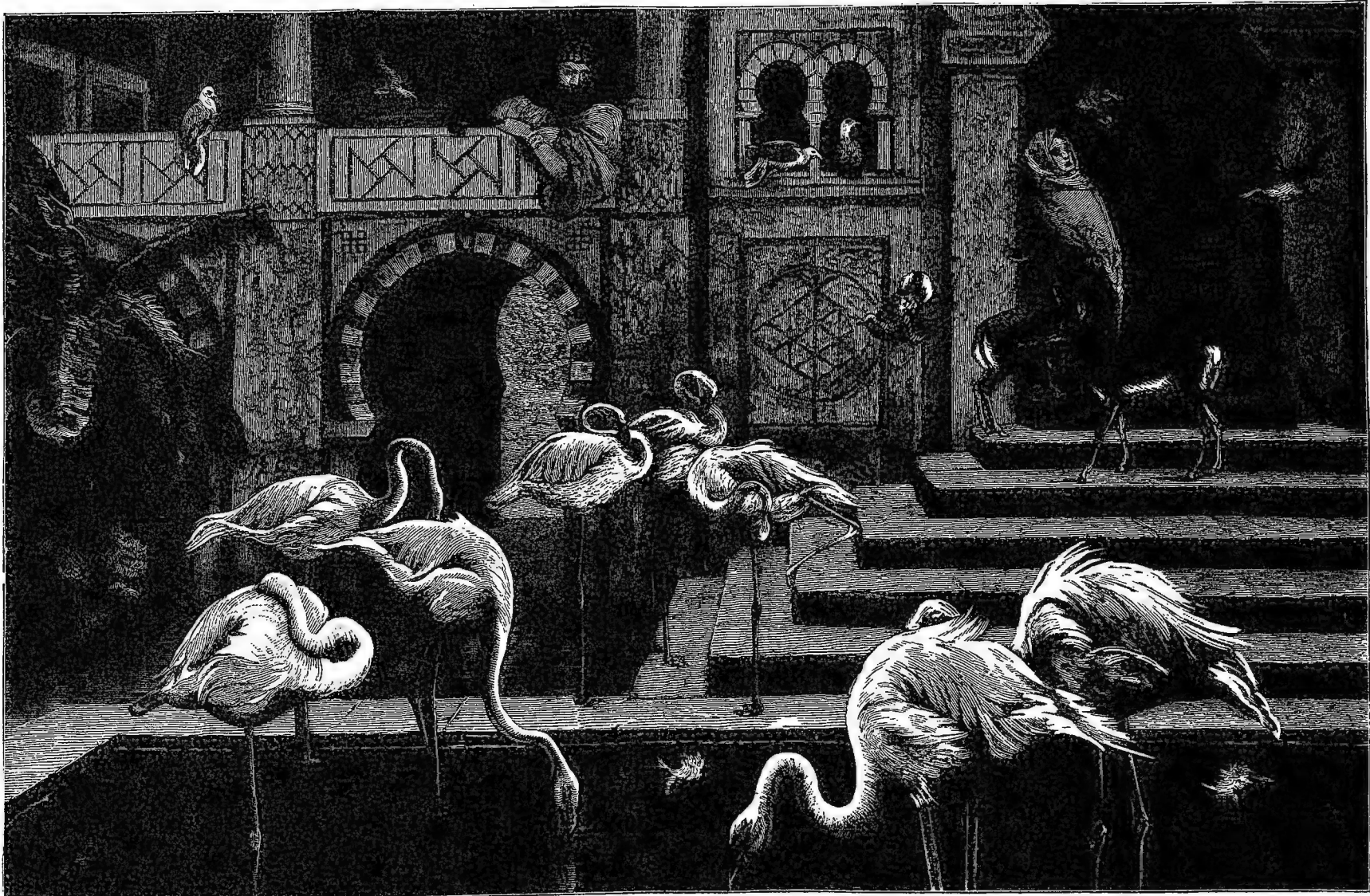
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FOR THE TEETH.

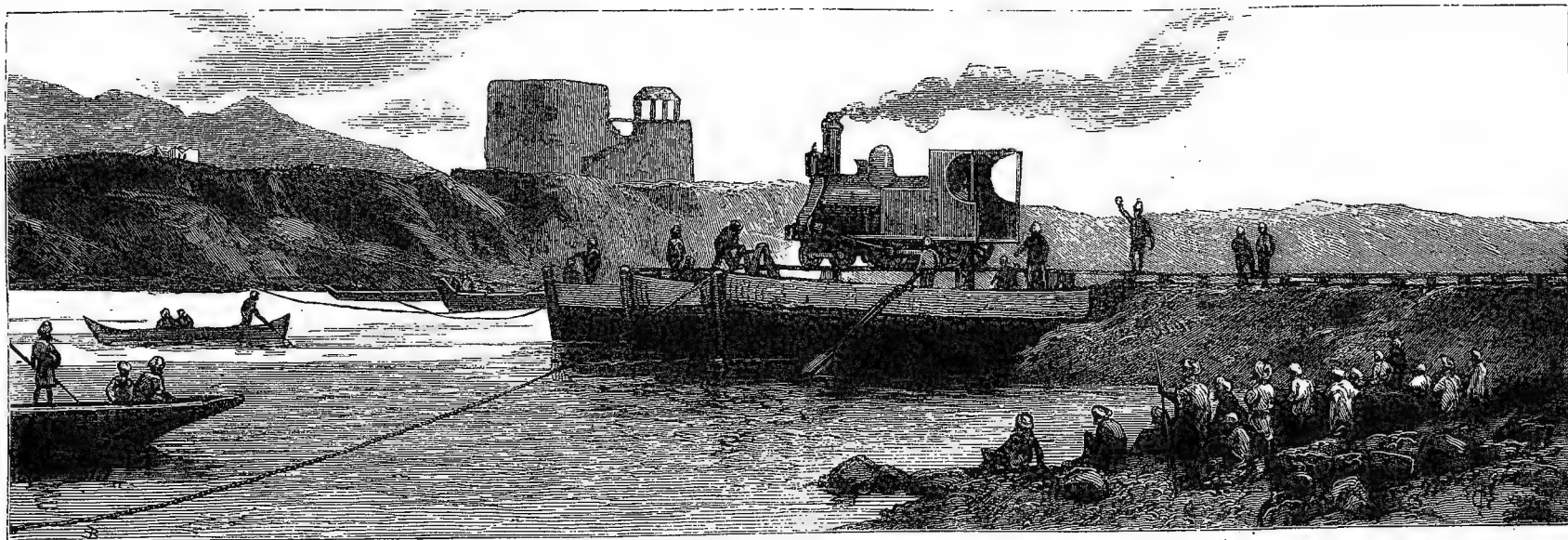
Will be found most serviceable wherever there exists evidence of decay. This liquid stopping protects the exposed nerves from cold or foreign substances (as crumbs), and while giving security and ease, causes no inconvenience. The Essence cures Toothache, and does not impede mastication. The application is simple. Sold in bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.



NOTES FROM SUGAN, SOUTHERN AFGHANISTAN



"THE PETS OF AN EASTERN PALACE: A TUNISIAN STUDY"
FROM THE PICTURE BY H. H. JOHNSTON, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY



INDIA — THE FIRST ENGINE FOR THE PESHAWUR RAILWAY BEING CONVEYED ACROSS THE INDUS AT ATTOCK



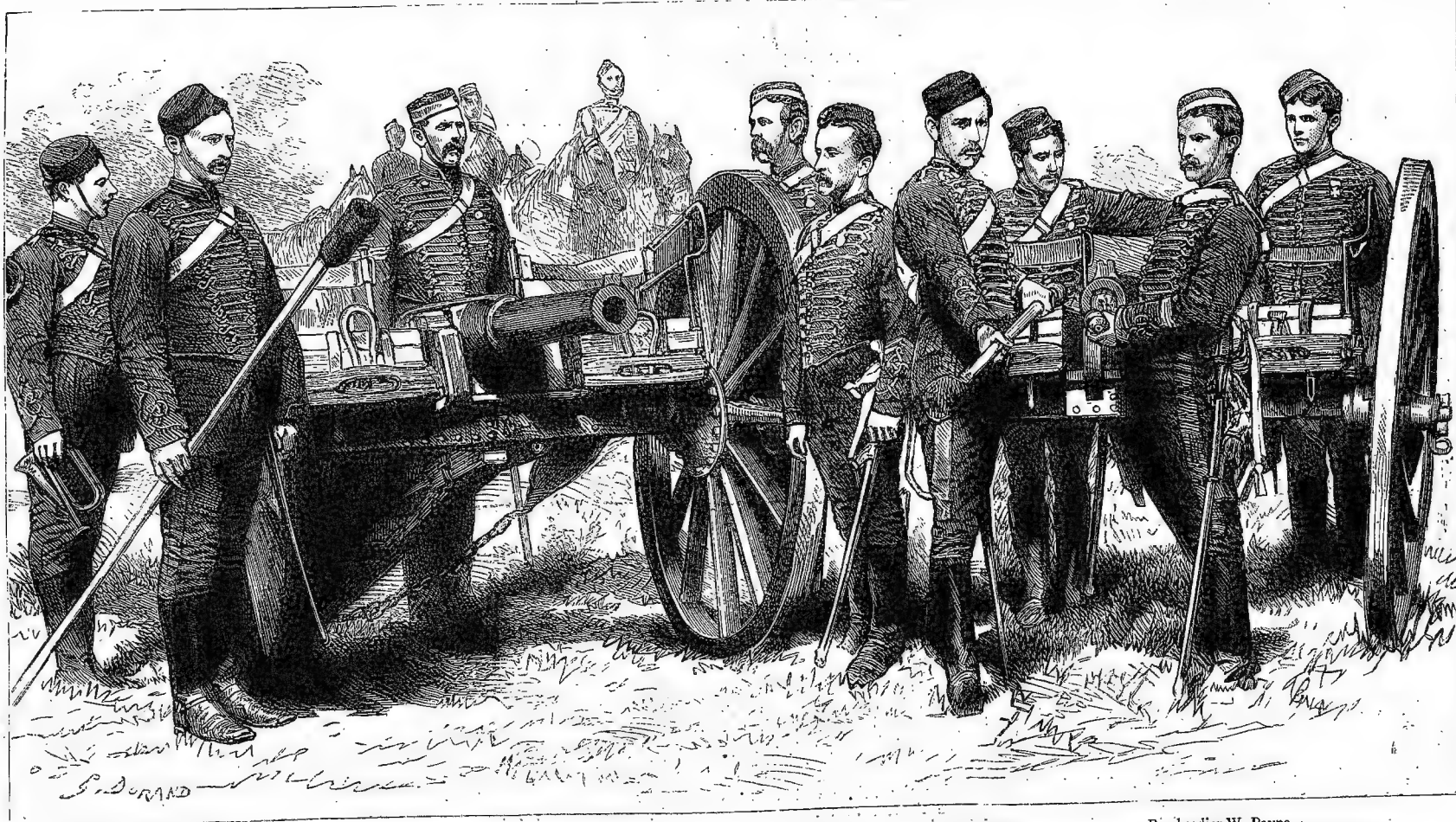
ARABI PASHA
Leader of the "National" Party in Egypt



THE AUBER CENTENARY AT PARIS
DANIEL FRANÇOIS ESPRIT AUBER, MUSICAL COMPOSER
Born Jan. 29, 1782; Died May 13, 1871.



CAPTAIN W. H. DICK CUNYNGHAM, 92ND HIGHLANDERS
Recently Awarded the Victoria Cross



Trumpeter Jones
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THE LATE AFGHAN WAR — THE E BATTERY, B BRIGADE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY, DECORATED FOR DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT IN THE LATE AFGHAN CAMPAIGN



FRANCE.—M. Gambetta has had what the Americans would call a bad time of it this week. The Committee appointed to consider his Revisionary proposals was almost unanimously opposed to them, and in particular to the restoration of the *Scrutin de liste*. M. Gambetta was summoned before it on Saturday, and was well baited by the Radical members. He held to his point, however, with characteristic firmness, declared that the country at the last election had manifested a desire for the constitutional revision of both Houses, and vigorously combated the theory that a Congress of the two Houses once convened would possess the power of remaking as many Articles of the Constitution as it thought fit, contending that the Congress must be bound by the order of the day, which should be laid down for it. Upon this the Radicals, headed by M. Barodet, asked what would be done supposing the Congress were to assert such a power, and M. Gambetta, with almost Bismarckian curtness, announced that any such action would be illegal, and that the Congress would be "assuming a revolutionary attitude." The third party in the State, the President of the Republic, would then intervene, and dissolve the Congress. M. Clemenceau, M. Gambetta's most dangerous opponent, thereupon remarked that he would have to find a Minister to countersign any such decree, and to this M. Gambetta retorted that "he would always be able to find a Minister," whereupon the Prime Minister and the Committee parted company upon not the most amicable terms in the world. In its Report, which it presented to the Chamber on Monday, the latter stated that it was unanimously in favour of revising the Constitutional laws, but that it was also of opinion that a Congress of the two Houses once convened, its powers could not be limited either by the Chamber or the Senate. It recommended the rejection of M. Gambetta's proposition to revert to *Scrutin de liste*, declaring the reason to be "that in this question individual wishes have taken the place of the national will." Urgency was at once voted for the discussion of the Report, and the debate was fixed for Thursday.

Meanwhile there has been the greatest possible excitement in all political circles, as M. Gambetta firmly maintains his determination to stand or fall by *Scrutin de liste*. The Radical papers have been giving various accounts of his Cæsarian declarations in the Committee, and picture him dissolving the Congress by the aid of General Gallifet and the army. His own organs, of course, strenuously deny that he ever intended to foreshadow any recourse to arms, while the Conservative press is highly delighted at the whole affair, and makes it a text for covert polemics against the Republic. "Who will succeed M. Gambetta should he resign?" has, of course, been a favourite theme of speculation, but whoever it may be, whether an advanced Radical or a Reactionary, one thing is certain, he will have a very short and troublesome term of power. More moderate minds are asking the utility of such a course at the present time, and blame M. Gambetta for not letting well alone, and for not bringing on all-important measures for which the country has long been asking, and which could now be passed with large majorities in both Houses. Commercial men also are complaining of the bad effect continued political crises have upon every branch of trade, and asking what is to be done about the long-delayed Treaties of Commerce—in fact, all but extreme politicians are wishing that M. Gambetta had left questions of *haute politique* alone, and had devoted himself to measures of more material importance to the country at large.

PARIS, in addition to political crises, has been threatened with financial troubles. Of late there has been that tendency to over-speculation which eventually brought about the Vienna disaster of 1873. At the close of last week there was a sudden fall in securities, a tremendous panic on the Bourse, the shares of the much-talked-of Clerical Bank, the Union Générale, falling from 96½ to 44½. The panic began at Lyons, where the Bourse has been completely disorganised, but a number of the leading financiers, both in France and other Continental countries where the panic was spreading (there were sixteen failures at Vienna on Monday), have come forward to the rescue, and the situation is now less strained.

GERMANY.—Prince Bismarck has had his opportunity of defending in the Reichstag the recent Rescript of the Emperor, and has made another of his "Dragoon" harangues, rating the Deputies as if they were Pomeranian recruits or Berlin schoolboys, and throwing down the gauntlet of defiance with as much heat and vigour as when he made his first appearance as a Parliamentary speaker. Professor Hänel opened the battle with a cool and calm criticism of the Rescript, regretting that the name of the Monarch had been dragged by the leading statesman into a debate, as though to cover the responsibility of the latter. He opposed the Decree as infringing constitutional rights. The true position of the King was protected by the love of his subjects, and the manifesto could only mar it. Parliament was not only warranted in judging whether the Rescript interfered with its rights, it was also bound to do so, and it condemned the Manifesto accordingly. As to the warning to officials, he maintained that no Government functionary was entitled in any way to bring his official influence to bear on elections. To this Prince Bismarck replied that the Rescript did not aim at creating new rights, but only at guarding those already in existence. He warmly combated the theory that in Prussia "the King reigns but does not govern," scoffed at M. Taine's assertion that the King is only an Honorary President appointed by the Legislature, and ridiculed Professor Mommsen for his "political folly." He insisted that the signature of the King and not of the Minister was the main point of a decree, and any opposite view was only explicable by the notion that the King was a revered being up in the clouds, the soles of whose feet were to be adored humbly like those of the former Emperors of Japan. The King of Prussia had always regarded it as the strict duty to be what Frederick the Great defined as the first servant of the State. Inside the Cabinet, "the King commanded and the Minister obeyed." He then, in heated language, and threatening gestures, charged his adversaries with accusing him of base cowardice in sheltering himself behind the person of the King, and created a violent uproar on the Left. He reviewed the history of the past thirty years, and declared that had the King not been Master, Germany would have had neither army nor Reichstag. As to public functionaries, he declared that with many officials at election time their oath of allegiance to the King began wholly to recede into the background, and whichever way they might vote at the ballot, they were bound to make no positive agitation against the Government. On Professor Hänel rising to deny that he had accused him of cowardice, Prince Bismarck angrily repeated his assertion, and an excited scene ensued, which ended in the Chancellor leaving the House.

On Monday there was an interesting debate on vivisection, in which Professor Virchow denied that the practice was much abused; while Herr von Gossler, the Prussian Minister of Public Worship, declared the impossibility of applying English legislation on the subject in Germany, where experimenting on living animals is officially supervised, and never once yet in Prussia had any complaint been lodged.

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—The deadlock in EGYPT between the Parliament and the Cabinet continues, although it is now said that

the Notables are showing signs of wavering owing to the firm attitude maintained by Cherif Pasha and the Anglo-French controllers. The Porte's protest against the Anglo-French Note has not been answered, and Russia and Italy have been continuing to clamour against England and France assuming a practical dictatorship over Egypt; while Austria continues to assert that any alteration in the *status quo* of Egypt must be regarded as a matter of European concern. Considerable uneasiness is widely manifested with regard to the question of the action of the Parliament, and the Nationalist party is being anxiously watched by every nation, as it is felt that it needs but a spark to kindle a general conflagration under the present condition of affairs in North Africa.

The insurrection in DALMATIA appears to be gaining ground, and M. Tisza has at last made an official statement with regard to it. He admits that not only in Southern Dalmatia, but also in the Herzegovina, disorders have arisen owing to the attempt to enforce the recruitment laws, and asserted that the Government were determined not only to repress them with the utmost energy, but to convince the inhabitants that the system of perpetual disquiet to which they had been accustomed could not be allowed to continue. For the consideration of these means the Delegations had been summoned. With regard to the Porte, he positively contradicted the rumour that Turkey had taken any steps whatsoever in the movement. Meanwhile, there have been various sharp encounters between the insurgents and the gendarmérie, and it is feared that the former will have time to complete their organisation before the regular troops can be concentrated. A violent proclamation in the Servian language has been issued by the insurgents, and various rumours are afloat that foreign intrigue, and on the part of Russia in particular, is at the bottom of the whole revolt, the chief centre of which lies in the district which was the scene of the first rising of the Turks in 1875. The rising appears to have been carefully planned, and, according to the Ragusa correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, the insurgents do not lack money, the men receiving about 7½ and half a pound of flour daily. The Mahomedan and Orthodox portion of the population are fraternising, while the Mahomedan gendarmérie are deserting largely with the arms and accoutrements distributed amongst them by the Austrians. The Government has forbidden the publication of any military movements, and there is an ugly rumour that the whole army is being mobilised, ostensibly to combat the insurgents, but actually to be in readiness in case hostilities should break out with Italy.

RUSSIA is very angry with England for taking note of the outrages upon the Jews at Warsaw, and the *Journal de St. Petersburg* describes the movement for raising a subscription for the sufferers as "wearing the mark of philanthropy, but in reality having its mainspring in a feeling of hatred towards Russia." It declares that the attacks were directed not against persons, but property, and that more Christians than Jews suffered from pillage. The rioters are being tried at Warsaw, and above 150 of the 3,000 prisoners have already been sentenced, some to a month's imprisonment, others to a small fine, and only two to as much as three months' imprisonment. According to the report of the Committee of Relief, 948 families lost everything they possessed, and 475 families their furniture, &c. The total number of victims is put down at 10,000, and the list of families completely ruined comprise over 900.

INDIA.—There has been a serious conspiracy in Nepal, where a number of persons, chiefly officers, have been plotting for some years to murder certain members of the Royal family, especially the Prime Minister and the Commander-in-Chief of the Army. Having failed to find an opportunity, they at last determined to throw a bomb into the room where the Ministers were holding council. This plan, however, was betrayed just before the day appointed, and twenty-one officers were arrested and executed.

The Legislative Council has passed a Bill liberating to a great measure the Vernacular papers from the repressive restrictions to which they were subjected in 1878.

IN AFGHANISTAN all is quiet. The Ameer is at Cabul, where he is paying off old scores by imprisoning and executing various obnoxious opponents who, it is said, have been detected corresponding with Ayoub.

IN BURMAH the King appears to have had a sharp attack of *delirium tremens*, and his life is said not to be worth a day's purchase. Should he die there will be a sharp struggle for the throne.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In the UNITED STATES the chief interest has been centred in the closing scenes of Guiteau's trial, which ended on Wednesday. Guiteau was more disorderly than ever towards the end of Mr. Porter's speech, shouting "A saint from Heaven could not stand Porter's abuse." Judge Cox made a very clear summing-up, and the jury, after less than an hour's consideration, found Guiteau guilty of the charges in the indictment. He cannot, however, be sentenced before next term, which begins in April, nor executed before July.—In ITALY there has been considerable annoyance expressed at the fact that a French company has bought up several of the most popular newspapers, including the *Diritto* and the *Libertà*. The staff of both those journals have accordingly resigned.—In SOUTH AFRICA there is a prospect of further difficulties in Basutoland, where Masupha persists in his refusal to restore the cattle taken from the loyal Basutos. Letsea, the chief paramount, has accordingly occupied the stronghold of Thaba Bosigo. Mr. Hofmeyr, a member of the Cape Assembly, is mentioned as the possible President of the Transvaal.



THE Queen came up to Bagshot on Saturday to see the Duchess of Connaught, having postponed her visit from the preceding Thursday on account of the fog. Her Majesty crossed to Stokes Bay in the *Alberta*, and travelled by special train to Bagshot Station, where the Duke of Connaught met the Queen and escorted her to Bagshot Park. After luncheon the Queen returned to Osborne, where the Princess Beatrice had meanwhile lunched with the ex-Empress Eugénie at Osborne Cottage. On Sunday Her Majesty and the Princess attended Divine Service at Osborne, the Hon. and Rev. F. Byng officiating, and subsequently joining the Royal party at dinner. The ex-Empress Eugénie and several members of her suite, dined with the Queen on Monday evening, and on Tuesday the Princess Beatrice and the ex-Empress Eugénie visited the Victoria Hospital at Netley.

The Prince and Princess of Wales entertained visitors at Sandringham last week, when Mr. Toole's company gave a performance before the Royal party. On Saturday Prince Leiningen left, and the Prince and Princess and their guests hunted with the West Norfolk hounds, the meet being at Harpley. Next morning the Prince and Princess and their daughters attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, where the Dean of Westminster preached, and on Monday the party broke up, the Prince of Wales going on a shooting visit to Mr. C. Sykes at Brantinghamthorpe. The Duke of Cambridge and a number of other gentlemen are among the guests, and on Tuesday the whole party shot over the Londesborough preserves, and had tea with Mrs. Wilson at Warter Priory before returning to Brantinghamthorpe. Yesterday (Friday), the Prince was to be present at a

meet of the Holderness hounds, and to-day he returns to Sandringham.—The Prince and Princess will visit Great Yarmouth in June to open the new Municipal buildings. The *Bacchante*, with Princes Albert Victor and George, arrived at Colombo, Ceylon, on Wednesday.

The Duke of Edinburgh continues his inspection tour in the North of Scotland. Besides his official duties he has opened the New Town Hall at Inverness, received the Freedom of the City both at Inverness and Wick, and laid the foundation stone of the Dunbar Hospital at Thurso, while on Monday he visited Kirkwall, Orkney, where nineteen years ago he had been as a middy. There he received the Freedom of the Burgh, and inspected the cathedral, and next day the Duke went to Lerwick, Shetland, where he laid the foundation stone of the New Town Hall, was present at a municipal banquet, and subsequently dined with Commandant Lecocq. He will visit the Isle of Man on Thursday next. On March 18th the Duke and Duchess go to Pembroke Dockyard to launch the new ironclad *Majestic*. The Duchess has sent 5½ to the Leicester Square Soup Kitchen.—The Duchess of Connaught and her baby are going on so well that no further bulletins of their health will be issued. The christening of the little Princess will take place next month, after the Queen's return to Windsor.

Prince Leopold will return from Germany by February 23rd to preside at the festival of the Caledonian Asylum. On his way back the Prince will stay a few days in Berlin, when Court festivities will be held in his honour, including a ball given by the Crown Princess. Princess Hélène of Waldeck will probably come to England on March 3rd with her father. The Duchess, who has been in delicate health for some years, is not well enough to travel. The Royal yacht, *Victoria and Albert*, will convey the Royal party from Flushing to England.

The Marquis of Lorne arrived at Halifax on Saturday after a stormy passage. The Marquis, however, suffered little from seasickness.—The Empress of Austria does not come to England till next week.—Prince Victor, eldest son of Prince Napoleon, has started on a year's tour, during which he will visit the various European Courts.



CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.—The first representation of Balfe's *Painter of Antwerp* being postponed to this evening, our record of the week's doings at Her Majesty's Theatre may be given in few words. In *The Flying Dutchman*, the successes of Madame Valleria as the self-sacrificing heroine, and that of Mr. Ludwig as the bold sea captain, perpetually condemned to the waves, winds, and tempests he has impiously defied, are confirmed. Mr. Ludwig has never appeared before the public to such advantage—which, following directly in the wake of Mr. Santley, redounds all the more highly to his credit. About Madame Valleria, of whose triumphs in the Old World her compatriots in the New should justly feel proud, the like may be asserted. Her dramatic embodiment of Senta is gentle, engaging, and thoroughly in keeping with the romantic sentimentality of that dreamy personage; while her execution of the music, so often trying to the voice, is invariably artistic and expressive. With regard to other characters, it will suffice to add that they are all more or less in competent hands; nevertheless, whether the *Flying Dutchman*, or for the matter of that *Lohengrin*, be destined to attract the London public as at the beginning is clearly open to question. *Rienzi*, however, and what, from a Wagnerian point of view, is of still larger significance, *Tannhauser*, are yet to come. Why did not Mr. Rosa, with the aid of Mr. J. P. Jackson, bring out an English version of the *Meistersinger* at once, and conduct it himself? He has the score by heart, as we have cause to know; and should he not be able or willing at the time, there is his right hand, Mr. Randegger, ready at command. The always welcome *Mignon* of Ambroise Thomas has been given, as a matter of course, and it is agreeable to record the legitimate success of Mr. Barton M'Guckin, one of the youngest and most promising of our tenors, in the not always very grateful part of Wilhelm Meister, which, in a vocal sense, he has completely mastered, while showing unquestionable advance in another direction, to attain equal proficiency in which he must devote yet further thought and study. Miss Julia Gaylord's *Mignon* is from beginning to end a most engaging personation of one of the most engaging characters in all romance. Here there is no necessity for straining the voice, as she is compelled to do in the far more trying part of Elsa, and the result is a manifest gain. Miss Georgiana Burns is a sprightly Filina; Mr. Crotty a good Lothario; Mr. Betjmann a Giarro beyond dispute; Miss La Rue an acceptable Frederic, and Mr. C. Lyall—than whom few operatic actors can make so much out of little, without the slightest attempt at exaggerated personal display—an inimitable Laertes. More about *Mignon*, except that it pleased, and was applauded as much as ever, would be superfluous.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—At the Saturday Concert an interesting feature was the sextet in F sharp minor of the late Sterndale Bennett, for pianoforte and stringed instruments, introduced by Mdlle. Marie Krebs in 1875, and now given for the second time with equal acceptance. Though composed at the age of nineteen, this is allowed by musicians and cultured amateurs to be a masterpiece. Mdlle. Krebs plays it so admirably and enters so thoroughly into its spirit as to cause regret that she does not more frequently exercise her talent on compositions from the same pen. There are plenty for her to choose from. She was associated on the present occasion with MM. Straus, Ries, Piatti, Hollander, and White, the first four of whom were her companions seven years ago, during which interval, from a brilliant executant she has laboured earnestly to obtain the position she now holds as a genuine artist of unquestioned eminence. At the same concert the programme included Spohr's melodious Quintet in G, for stringed instruments; Mdlle. Krebs, besides playing the *Sonata Pastorale* of Beethoven, joined Signor Piatti in three of the five *Stücke im Volkston* of Schumann (Nos. 1, 2, and 4), in the second of which the *cantabile* playing of the king of violoncellists was beyond praise; and Mr. Barrington Foote (of Her Majesty's Theatre) had the good taste to select the late Henry Smart's exquisite song, "Sleep, heart of mine." On Monday night an octet in A for violins, violas, and violoncello, by the Norwegian composer, Johann Severin Svendsen, was played for the first time, and attracted considerable attention. Though very unequal, this octet is full of primitive charm, derived in a large measure from its composer's instinctive feeling for the national melodies of his native land. All the themes of which the four movements are made up possess the true Scandinavian "ring," and in several instances are employed to excellent purpose, being set forth and carried out with happy ingenuity. On the other hand, the work is diffuse to excess—a fault, by the way, attributable to a large majority of our ambitious present-day composers, who think too much of the "heavenly length" which Schumann extols as a characteristic to be prized alike in certain novels of Jean Paul Richter and the last orchestral Symphony of Schubert, about whom he raves more in the style of a lover than in that of an impartial critic. Nevertheless, the octet was a welcome stranger, and executed as it was by Herr Straus, Signor Piatti, and their

associates was welcomed as such. The remainder of the programme was of well sustained interest. Miss Santley was the singer, and Miss Krebs again the pianist. Mr. Zerbini was the accompanist at both concerts.

FROM BERLIN.—Pauline Lucca is engaged for a series of performances at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, to commence next April. The vivacious little lady is as popular as ever in the Prussian capital.—Herr Taubert, Oberkapellmeister at the Opera, and Vice-President of the Berlin Royal Academy, has been appointed President of that institution.—Herr Johann Strauss has been here superintending the rehearsals of his new buffo opera, *Der Lustige Krieg*. All seems to denote great personal activity in this very musical city.

WATERS.—At Brussels, Massenet's *Hérodiade* continues to attract full audiences to the Théâtre de la Monnaie. The "off-nights" are devoted to *Die Zauberflöte* and *La Dame Blanche*, Mozart and Boieldieu being doubtlessly regarded by the management as efficient antidotes.—The truth of a report that Mr. Gye has secured *Hérodiade* for the Royal Italian Opera is now denied, which is by no means surprising, when the special character of Massenet's libretto is borne in mind.—If M. Massenet's *Hérodiade* is produced at the Scala, Mdlle. Turolla will play the part of the heroine.—The brilliant success of Mr. F. H. Cowen's "Scandinavian Symphony," at a recent concert given by the Philharmonic Society of Vienna, is confirmed. The performance, under the direction of Hans Richter, is recorded as absolutely perfect. More substantial still is the fact that the full score of the symphony has been disposed of, together with other compositions by our rising English musician, to a first-class Viennese music firm.—The Choral Symphony was given on the 11th inst. at Brünn in Moravia (the birthplace of Heinrich Ernst and Norman Neruda) for the first time! Somewhat late in the day, it must be admitted.—The Florentine quartet party, including Jean Becker (its originator) and family, are making a tour through Holland.—The 100th representation of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience* was given at the New York Standard Theatre on the 5th inst.—Only two new operas are to be produced in Italy during the season of the Carnival: *Bianca di Cerchia*, by Signor Smaraglia; and *La Contessa di Chatillon*, by Signor Nicola Massa, the first at Scala (Milan), the second at the Emilia (Reggio)—a sad falling-off.—A joint-stock company will open the Teatro Costanza, in Rome, with, it is stated, a first-rate company, and the famous contrabassist, Bottesini, as conductor—the right man in the right place.—The Italian papers inform us that Mr. Gye has engaged Signor Pandolfini for the forthcoming season at the Royal Italian Opera.—A fire broke out recently at the Grand Theatre in Bucharest, but was happily subdued before any very serious damage had been committed.—It is reported in the German papers that Anton Rubinstein has once more declared his resolve to abandon henceforth pianoforte playing in public. It may be so, but there is reason for doubt. Meanwhile the great consummate "virtuoso" is about to give concerts at Bordeaux.—Mdlle. Elly Warnots, the Belgian light soprano (well known to London opera-goers) has accepted an engagement at the Grand Theatre, Lyons.—The day before her departure from Berlin the Emperor sent his portrait, with autograph subscribed, to Madame Albani—a token of rare and high consideration on the part of His Majesty.—It is said that the favourite contralto, Marianne Brandt, has thrown up, or intends throwing up, her engagement at the Royal Opera. Some of the local papers comment upon this in a lugubrious tone; and no wonder, considering how universally the seceding artist is admired.



CHURCH REFORM.—The Bishop of Manchester, writing to the National Church Reform Union, says that his hopes of Church Reform are mainly to see—1st. The evils of the existing system of patronage remedied by giving to the Bishop on the one side, and the parishioners on the other, a more effective voice—probably in the way of a veto—in the appointment of ministers, such veto, of course, not to be exercised capriciously, but upon well-defined and equitable grounds; 2. The parishioners to possess, whether by the institution of a Church board, parochial council, or otherwise, more power than they now have to regulate those matters pertaining to the external administration of religion in their parish, in which they certainly have the primary interest—the proper rights of the incumbent and the Bishop being only guarded; 3. A greater, though not an absolute equalisation of ecclesiastical revenues, so as to remove the present glaring disparities; and 4. A more prompt and effective discipline for dealing with clergymen, whether of immoral lives, or notoriously negligent of their duty, or incapable of performing it.

THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL, in his annual address to the clergy and laity of his Diocese, says that it is painful to contemplate the party spirit, the restlessness, the assumptive tone of the letters in our Church newspapers, and the many other unwelcome tokens of the distemperature of the present time. No intelligent observer can fail to recognise that there is at present little chance of any Church measures, however needed, obtaining the sanction of Parliament; and that there is a growing disposition in sober Churchmen to apply to Parliament at all. Still, it seems reasonable to think that Mr. Stanhope's Bill, or some other measure dealing with Church patronage, will come before Parliament this year; but he fears that it is perfectly certain that we must wait for the legislative results of the Cathedral Commission and the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission. After referring to the Revised Education Code as meriting general confidence, and to the imprisonment of the Rev. S. F. Green as a case upon which he has "no helpful comments to make," the Bishop concludes by commending the Revised Version of the New Testament, on the grounds that it was executed in prayer, constant and earnest, for heavenly aid and illumination. It is the result in every particular, however small, of deliberate and corporate discussions, and is absolutely devoid of every trace of adjustment or compromise. Truth, and truth alone, was humbly sought, and what the majority finally believed to be truth is set forth, without reserve or qualification, in every word, clause, and sentence of this seven times revised translation.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION have just received from Mr. George Williams, one of the five gentlemen who purchased Exeter Hall for them, another munificent present in the shape of the building hitherto known as the Carlton Hotel, Margate, the erection of which cost 10,000*l*.

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER, preaching at Levenshulme on Saturday, said that he even yet trusted that all within his diocese would conform to his recently-issued admonition, which had already had a good effect in several places. Some had levelled up; some had levelled down. He knew of three churches in which the use of the mixed chalice, and of one in which the use of the altar lights had been abandoned, and even those who had no idea of compliance, might be led to it when they learned the mind of the great mass of their brethren.

"DISESTABLISHMENT IN SCOTLAND."—Principal Rainy has sent a letter to *The Times* in reply to the article on the above subject, which appeared in that journal a fortnight ago. He says that all reliable evidence is against the assertion that the Free Church and

United Presbyterians are "outnumbered far and away by the Established Church," but even were it not so it would make little difference to the justice of the cause, which is recognised in Scotland as a practical and present question upon which the present Government has summoned them to declare their minds. "Our ecclesiastical affairs," he continues, "have got to their present pass by the fault and folly, let us say, of parties unknown, at least of parties whose demerits need not now be discussed. Being at this pass, we claim from our neighbours of England the right to disentangle them in our own way. We concede to them the right to see what we decide upon is equitably and worthily carried out; but we claim that these ecclesiastical affairs of Scotland shall be decided in and by Scotland."

A TEA-PARTY TO THE BLIND

A GOOD many people in the world at the present day would do kind things, and perform charitable actions, if they only knew how to set about it. I have just been present at an entertainment which has been a good lesson on the subject. As is said in favour of the fashionable cooking-kitchens of the present day, so it may be said with regard to philanthropy—one practical illustration is worth a hundred lectures.

A hundred poor blind people, together with another hundred of people as guides for the blind, nearly the whole company the poorest of the poor, were entertained on Thursday, the 19th inst., with a generous tea, and an evening of varied and cheerful amusements, songs, recitations, pathetic and laughable, all admirably rendered, and listened to with the keenest appreciation, solos on the piano, short speeches, and the distribution of substantial gifts. The evening was all sunshine for another thirty or more people besides the actual guests, and the giver of the feast was a quiet, unpretending woman, gentle-faced and gentle-voiced, far from strong, and neither gifted with worldly rank nor worldly wealth; only strong and rich in a determination to do something to brighten the lives of her fellow-creatures. All of us know numbers of persons apparently better able than this lady is to gather the "poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind," and to make them "a feast;" and yet they—stand by, droning out, "I wish I could do something to make at least some of the poor wretches one sees about the streets and alleys a little more comfortable."

Meantime this lady does it. "How did you begin though?" I asked with wondering curiosity. The answer was quiet and simple.

"Oh, I used very often to pass a poor blind beggar on a bridge, and he was generally very still and miserable, but whenever I did hear him speak, it was always to use bad language; so I stopped and asked the poor creature, one day, if he would come to a tea if I would give him one. 'Oh, yes,' he said; and I got one or two others together to meet him. He has grown into such a nice man since."

My informant seemed to feel some modest surprise that the efforts of her Christian charity had been so rewarded; but she has continued them ever since, first in Manchester, where her novel tea-parties attracted the admiring notice of the Bishop, and now in London, where she has carried on a work of such singular kindness and trust so unobtrusively that it conveys a double lesson.

Amongst her assistant guests, on the night of which I am especially writing, were one of the well-known Jubilee singers, whose kindness in coming and whose fine voice were fully appreciated, and the highly-talented, hard-working blind missionary to the blind, Dr. Moon, who has given the Gospel in two hundred different languages and dialects to the blind people throughout the world. His speech was deeply interesting, one sentence in it being well worth recording, that it may live in other hearts besides those of his immediate hearers:—

"When I became blind, as a young boy, people consoled with my mother on 'the heavy dispensation with which I was afflicted.' They were wrong, my friends. God gave me blindness as a talent to be used for His glory. Without blindness I should never have been able to see the needs of the blind."

And with that quotation this notice of a most interesting tea-party of this season may conclude, only adding that it is well to find that there are not such insuperable difficulties in the way of doing good to our neighbour as folks sometimes imagine. G. S.



THE TURF.—Though the open weather still keeps trainers very busy with their "lots" all over the kingdom, still, as regards Turf matters generally, "there is nothing stirring but stagnation." However, very shortly we shall have the weights for the Spring Handicaps, and then the two antagonistic sections, the "bookies" and the backers, will get together again in earnest. At the present moment speculation is almost at a standstill, and it is difficult to compile a list of market quotations. It may, however, be said that Bruce holds his own firmly as the Derby favourite at 6 to 1, and the announcement that Mr. Rymill is about to part with all his stud except him and Sheridan perhaps will increase the public confidence in the ability of the colt to win the Derby. The big bet of 6,000 to 1,000 taken by a friend of the owner's a few evenings ago is significant. Marden is being backed at 17 to 1 by some clever people, while not a few of that ilk have been investing on Lord Falmouth's second string, Little Sister, in preference to Dutch Oven. Among outsiders, Shrewsbury, Southampton, and Zingaro seem to have come in for most notice lately.—Jacob Pincus "the silent" has returned from America, and is again paying attention to Mr. Lorillard's horses at Newmarket, among whom Iroquois is said to be looking as well as he is perfectly sound. Foxhall, the other American celebrity, is also said to be in excellent health and spirits, but the touts cannot tell us much about him, as W. Day's well-known aversion to the all-seeing and all-knowing fraternity keeps them at a pretty good distance. The amiable animal, however, like other famous racehorses who have had their pet stable cats, is reported to have adopted a brace of kittens, who live in his box, and spend the greater part of their time on his back when he has got his clothing on.—Before long it is highly probable we shall have some more American horses in this country, as Mr. Philip Dwyer, of the American racing firm of Dwyer Brothers, has arrived for the purpose of prospecting the manners and customs of our Turf. It is said he is ready to match his celebrated racehorse, Luke Blackburn, against any animal in this country for 5,000*l*. a-side, weight-for-age.—There are thirty-five acceptances for the Four Oaks Park National Hurdle Race, and as Mr. Hibbert's Schiller was the highest weight accepting, his impost has been raised to 12 st. 7 lbs., and that of the others in proportion, Vanquisher and My Jessie being at the bottom of the list with 11 st. 1 lb. each.

COURSING.—At last a slight demonstration of frost has interfered a little with this sport, the Kempton Park meeting having to be postponed on Wednesday, when the various events had only been partly run through. There was sufficient coursing, however, to show that the management has effected very great improvement all round in the arrangements for "artificial" sport, and the hares seem to have had far the best of it, as only six were killed in the first fifty

courses.—The disgrace of Princess Dagmar has returned Mr. Alexander's nomination to the head of the market for the Waterloo Cup at slightly reduced odds, but nothing else of note has transpired since our last reference to this event now drawing near, except that, as might have been anticipated, Mr. James Hedley has been elected judge, and J. Wilkinson slipper, for the great meeting.

FOOTBALL.—The Association Challenge Cup contest increases in interest as it progresses. Since our last notes on it, the Sheffield Wednesday Club has beaten Heeley by 3 goals to 1; Aston Villa (Birmingham) has succumbed to Wednesday Old Athletic, 3 goals to 1 by the score; Upton Park has been too hot for the Hotspurs, who were defeated by 5 goals to nil; while, contrary to all expectation, the Royal Engineers, who not long ago beat the Old Carthusians (last year's winner of the Cup), have been beaten by the Old Foresters by 2 goals to 1.—At the Oval, on Saturday last, the Old Etonians antagonised the Old Carthusians in an Association game, and though neither Club showed in full strength, a capital struggle resulted in the victory of the former by 2 goals to 1.—Another good Association game has been that between Notts Forest and Darwen, 5 goals to 4 being recorded for the latter.—Queen's Park (Glasgow) has been defeated, Association-wise, by the Blackburn Olympic by 2 goals to nothing.—In a Rugby game at Richmond, Kent has defeated Surrey by 2 goals and 2 tries to nil; and up northwards Edinburgh Institution has beaten the Wanderers, while Edinburgh University and West of Scotland have played a draw.—For the London Hospitals Challenge Cup King's College has beaten London, and St. George's St. Thomas's; while St. Mary's and Charing Cross have been unable to settle differences in a hard-fought contest.

AQUATICS.—A grand banquet was given at the Aquarium on Saturday last to welcome Hanlan to this country. Colonel Goodlake, V.C., was in the chair, and a large number of leading representatives in various departments of our own national sports were present. The champion sculler met with a hearty reception, and since then has been doing some serious work on the Thames preparatory to betaking himself to Newcastle. Good accounts come to hand of his antagonist Boyd, who will also soon appear on the scene of action. It is said that the veteran Harry Kelley will be retained as mentor to the champion.—For the Putney race, which is arranged for the first of April, Cambridge got the start in the way of practising, but Oxford has now got to work. As in former years strict training will not commence till Ash Wednesday.

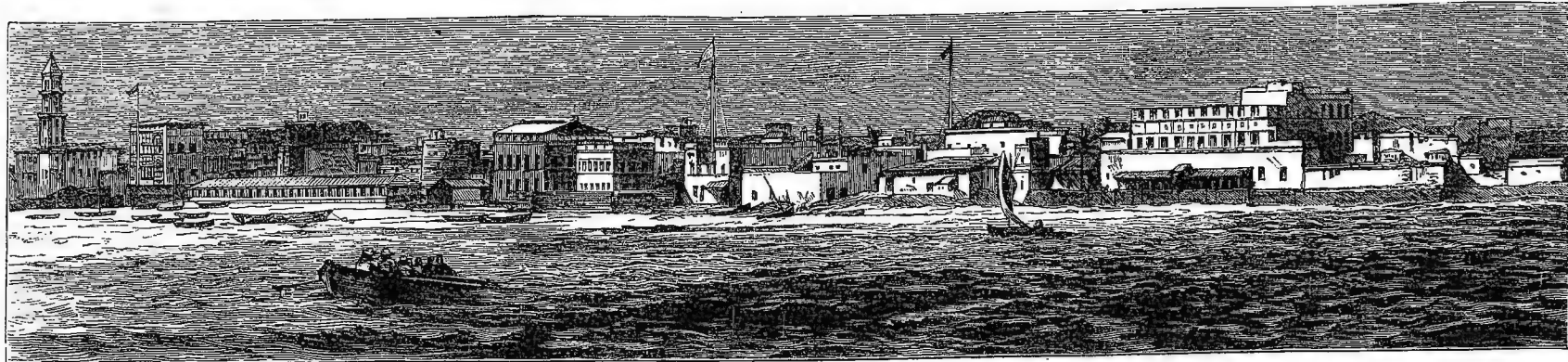
PIGEON SHOOTING.—At Monaco, the Grand Prix de Casino, an *objet d'art*, and 800*l*. added to the sweepstakes of 8*l*. each, has been decided. Comte de St. Quentin won the first prize, Signor Guidicini the second, Mr. E. W. Stratford the third, and Count Raymond the fourth. This is the first time a Frenchman has won the first prize since the institution of the contest.

GOLF.—A new course has been laid out on the Club Ground at Cambridge, and the Inter University Match will take place on it this term.



THE revival of *Ours* at the HAYMARKET Theatre is understood to be one of a series of revivals for a limited number of nights in each case of the late Mr. Robertson's comedies, which it is publicly announced will shortly pass out of the possession of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, with whose names they have so long been associated. In some respects the performance is a little weaker than that of the last revival of this light but amusing piece, which took place at the Prince of Wales's Theatre shortly before the company migrated thence to its present abode; but, on the whole, the play is admirably acted. It would be idle to attempt to conceal the fact that the curiosity of the crowded audience on the opening night mainly centred in the impersonation of Blanche Hay by Mrs. Langtry, this lady having the good or ill-fortune just now to monopolise a considerable share of public attention. The part is not a very important one, but it gives occasion to some displays of pathetic feeling, and demands throughout a graceful manner and a certain natural vivacity which it is not given to every actress to attain. That Mrs. Langtry acquitted herself in all these respects with the self-command of a practised actress, cannot honestly be said. A good and flexible voice is a great—perhaps we should say the very first—of an actor's or actress's gifts, and this requisite she undoubtedly possesses. But the art of employing a good voice with effect is only to be acquired by practice and a careful observation of Nature, and as yet Mrs. Langtry is in this respect often much at fault. When she would be touching and impressive, her tones are apt to run in another key, by which a suggestion of insincerity—that most fatal of defects—is sometimes to be detected. Now and then, however, she touches the true note of pathos sufficiently near to show what she may be capable of in the future; and in lighter passages she is remarkably successful. Nothing, for example, could be better than her playful dispute over the letter in the Crimean hut. That she looks very pretty, whether in shouldering arms in the mock drill, with Mrs. Bancroft as Mary Netley, or, when rushing to the front of the stage, at the close of the second act, she falls back senseless into the arms of Lady Shendryn, we need hardly say; and good looks, it may be observed, are not superfluous qualifications in the case of representatives of youthful heroines. Mrs. Bancroft's delightful waywardness and tendency to banter and provoke in her present part have lost absolutely nothing of their charm; and Mr. Bancroft still affords much amusement in the character of Hugh Chalcoete, which has been his since he relinquished some years ago his claim to that of Angus MacAlister, now played by Mr. Conway. Mr. Brookfield's Sergeant Jones is good, but not so good as that of Mr. Collette. Miss Le Thière's Lady Shendryn and Mr. Cecil's Prince Petrovsky are too fresh in the memory of playgoers to need more than a passing mention. The character of Sir Alexander Shendryn falls to the lot of Mr. Pinero, who plays it with a tendency to over-emphasise its "crusty" and dictatorial side, to the corresponding loss of the more amiable and sympathetic qualities of the old soldier. The comedy is put on the stage with all the care which distinguishes the management of this house. It is understood that it will be followed by revivals of *Castle and School*.

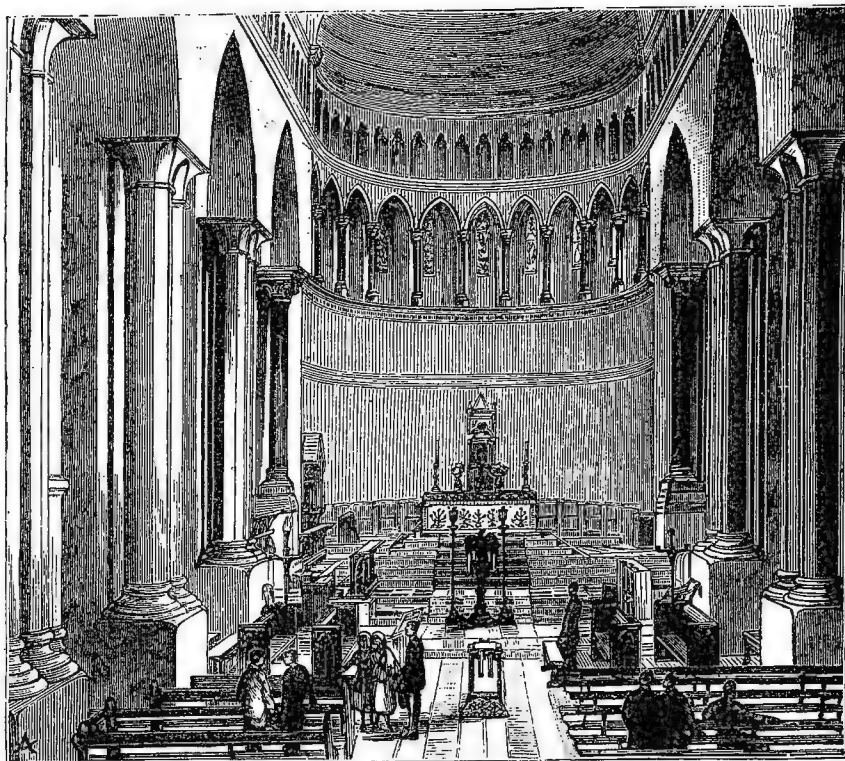
The writer of the Monday article on the theatres in the *Daily News* states that the recent performances by Mr. Toole and his company at Sandringham were of a curiously impromptu character—the popular comedian, who happened to be at Bury St. Edmunds, receiving the invitation of the Prince of Wales only on the day before; while the *bijou* theatre in which they were given was being fitted up so privately that not even the Princess of Wales, it is believed, was in the secret of the preparations. The performances, which consisted of *The Steeple Chase*, *Our Clerks*, and *Ten on Parle Français*, commenced about ten, and terminated a little after midnight. In the second of these pieces Miss Roland Phillips played the part of Ned, this being her last appearance prior to leaving for Australia. After each piece there were loud calls for Mr. Toole, and at the conclusion the entire company were called before the curtain. About two hundred spectators were present, among whom were the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Princesses



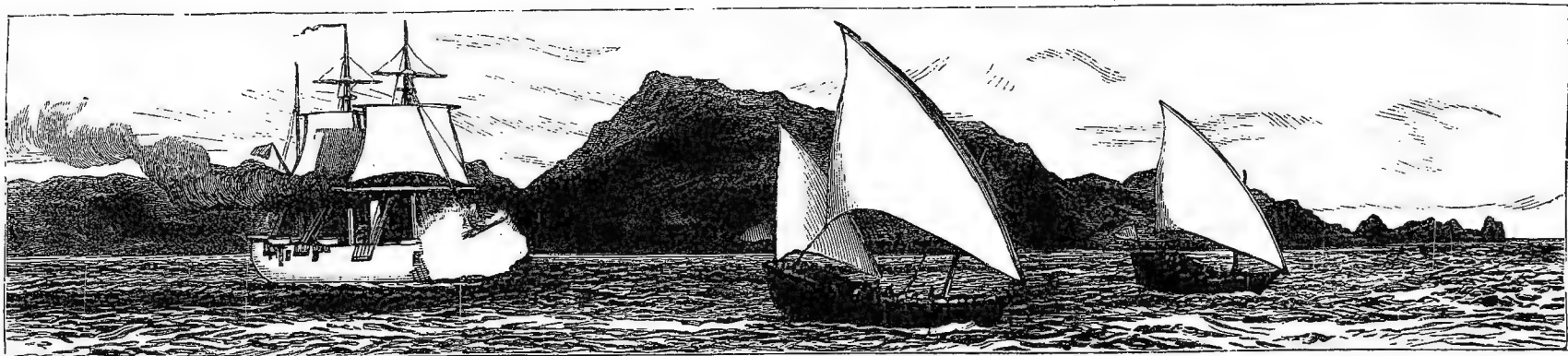
ZANZIBAR FROM THE SEA



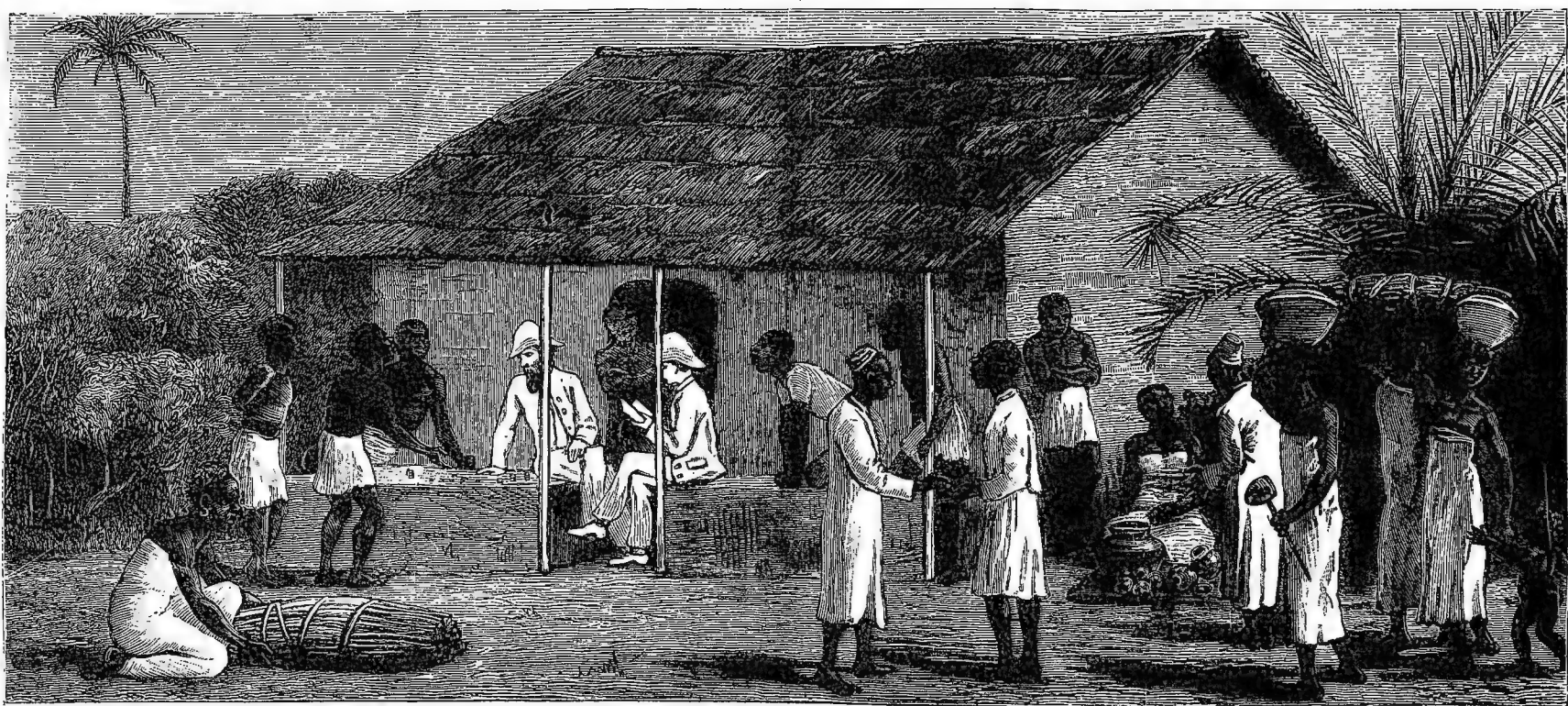
BISHOP STEERE'S MISSION CHURCH BUILT ON THE SITE OF THE OLD SLAVE MARKET, ZANZIBAR



INTERIOR OF BISHOP STEERE'S MISSION CHURCH, BUILT ON THE SITE OF THE OLD SLAVE MARKET, ZANZIBAR

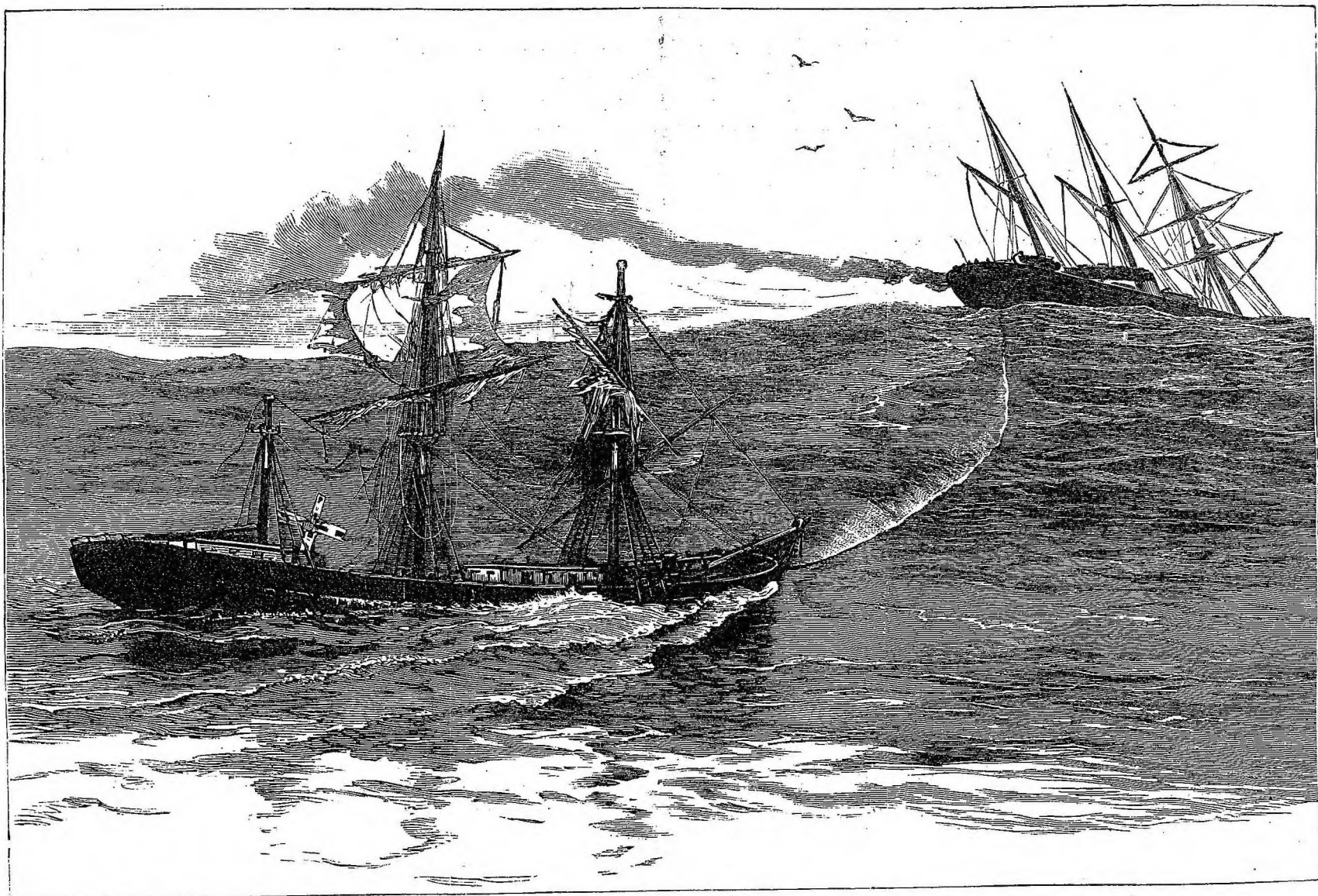


H.M.S. "PHILOMEL," CHASING SLAVE DHOWS IN THE STRAITS OF BABEL-MANDEB

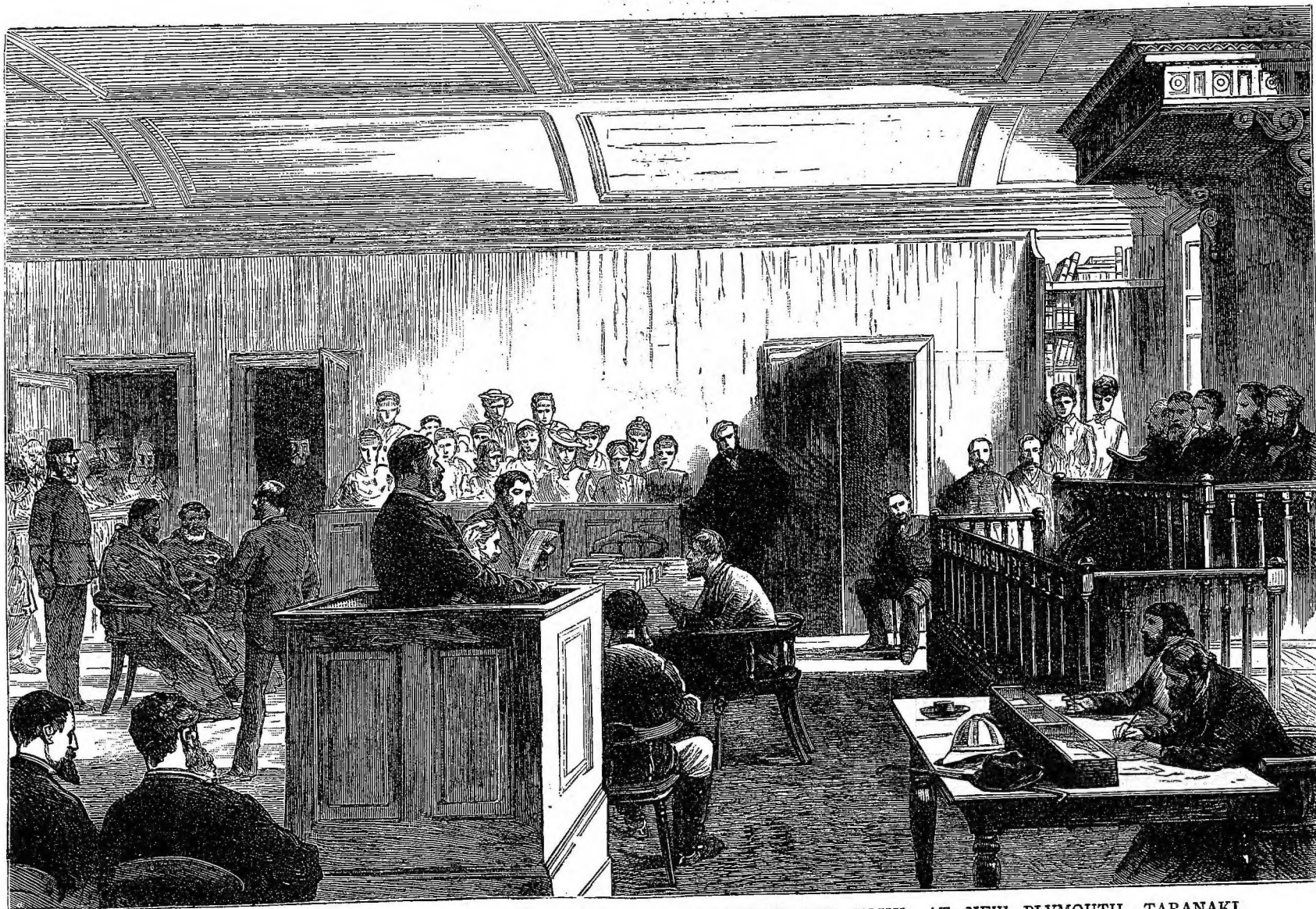


RELEASED SLAVES ON THE UNIVERSITIES' MISSION ESTATE AT MBWENI NEAR ZANZIBAR—PAYING WAGES

THE SLAVE TRADE ON THE EAST COAST OF AFRICA



A DISASTER AT SEA — THE S.S. "PALMYRA" TOWING THE DERELICT BARQUE "NORTON" TOWARDS FALMOUTH



NEW ZEALAND — EXAMINATION OF THE MAORI LEADERS, TE WHITI AND TOHU, AT NEW PLYMOUTH, TARANAKI

Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, the Prince of Leiningen, the Earl and Countess Sydney, the Earl and Countess of Romney, the Dean of Windsor and Mrs. Wellesley, Miss Knollys, Mr. Ponsonby Fane, General Sir A. Horsford, Admiral Sir Astley Cooper Key, Captain Welch, R.N., Captain R. Hammond, R.N., Mr. Montague Guest, M.P., Mr. A. H. Sumner, Colonel Teesdale, Mr. Knollys, and Sir Dighton and Lady Probyn. After the performances the company were entertained at supper by the Prince of Wales, who himself proposed the health of Mr. Toole.

Romeo and Juliet is said to be in active preparation at the LYCEUM, and Messrs. Hawes Craven, Telbin, Hann, and Cuthbert are adding the finishing touches to the scenes, more than twenty in number, and comprising some singularly beautiful specimens of scenic art. Mr. Irving, as long ago announced, will play Romeo to the Juliet of Miss Ellen Terry. Mr. Terriss will appear as Mercutio, Mr. Fernandez as Friar Lawrence, Mr. Howe as Capulet, and Mrs. Stirling as the Nurse.

Under the title of "Fautit of Balliol" Mr. Herman Merivale has published what is understood to be the original of his play, *The Cynic*—at first called *The Modern Faust*—now performing at the GLOBE. It is a novel in three volumes. The prior production of the play was designed to secure an exclusive right to dramatise the book.

A second telephonic theatrical *soirée* was given at the Bristol Hotel on Tuesday, the instruments as before being connected with the Comedy Theatre, and the listeners thus being enabled to hear the music and dialogue of *The Mascotte*. The result was fairly successful, though somewhat varied with different instruments. The music could be heard perfectly, and the commencement of the overture had a marvellous effect; but while some voices—such, for instance, as that of Mr. Lionel Brough—were plainly distinguishable, other actors with less marked enunciation could be but indistinctly followed. An occasional jarring sound was also occasionally perceptible. When, however, one of the chief features of a performance are brought practically to your home, and actually to your easy chair, it would be absurd to be hypercritical. Two forms of telephone instruments were employed. In the theatre were two of Blake's carbon transmitters, which were fixed on the back of the proscenium, one on the right and one on the left, eight feet above the stage. Thence the electric current was conveyed by wires to the receiving-room, and distributed to seventy-two Bell's telephone receivers, a pair of which, one communicating with each side of the stage, was used by each listener.



THE PROMISE OF A MILD WINTER.—So many farmers are heard expressing themselves in terms of apprehension concerning the mild weather, which, on the whole, has prevailed since October, that it may be as well to look back a little and see what grounds there are for alarm. Eight years ago the winter was singularly pleasant and open. This winter was followed by the splendid wheat harvest of 1874. Six years before that, the weather of the winter months was once more specially open, and the fine year of 1868 is still remembered by many. The first months of 1796 and 1787 were still milder, clover and rye-grass eighteen inches long being cut in mid-March at Livingstone, and new potatoes grown without artificial aid being served at a Glasgow banquet on the 3rd of April. Without going into further detail, we may quote 1685, 1572, 1538, 1421, 1289, and 1178 as years in which there was a very mild period from January 3rd to April. And all these years were good harvest years, rich in fruits of the earth, favourable to man and beast. There is, therefore, no bad omen against the present year.

TURNIPS OR POTATOES.—A North of England Agricultural Society has been debating this point. It was argued that as a paying crop potatoes in the generality of seasons were the best, against which it was urged that they were hurtful to the land, and left it weedy and poor. Turnips, it was argued, were rightly considered the mainstay of farming, and, being eaten off by sheep, enriched the soil throughout all the future courses in the rotation of cropping. The meeting on the whole was inclined to see superior advantages in the cultivation of turnips. The disease to which potatoes are so terribly subject was rather curiously neglected as a point by the advocates of turnips. Certainly the latter food is not free from pests, the turnip fly being oftentimes exceedingly destructive.

TRACES OF THE GALES of last autumn are still to be seen in almost every county, for fallen trees are cumbersome things to move, and the price of timber being comparatively low, the owners have in many cases been urged to let the trees lie for a while. The destruction of trees at Lord Haddington's estate in Haddingtonshire was so wholesale that the beauty of the place has all but vanished. It will be fifty years before the park will have recovered from its present desolation. Lord Haddington, who is deeply grieved, has gone abroad while the work of clearing goes on. This alone is expected to take four or five months.

POULTRY KEEPING.—A country parson sends us the following account of his poultry keeping. In July, 1880, he bought ten Dorking hens and a cock for thirty shillings, four hen coops for a pound, and troughs and ironwork costing half-a-guinea. His food bill from 13th July, 1880, to 6th January, 1882, was 5*l.* 3*s.* 8*d.*, and his hen house was built at an outlay of 7*l.* 5*s.*, total, 15*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.* Against this he has sold 1,710 eggs for 8*l.* 11*s.*, and has had forty-five chickens realising 6*l.* 15*s.*, total, 15*l.* 6*s.* Thus in eighteen months his fowls have paid for themselves, their keep, their coops and their house, and there are now forty-three fowls in lieu of the original eleven. This shows that poultry-keeping in a small way can be made a profitable investment, even when all the food has to be bought. That farmers could make a greater profit may fairly be assumed.

FARMERS AND THE HUNT.—It is suggested that good feeling between farmers and their hunting neighbours would be promoted by those who follow the hunt subscribing towards a piece of plate to be presented as a prize at the local agricultural show, the prize to be given for the best animals exhibited by tenant farmers. The idea has another advantage, in that it would be the means of obtaining some acknowledgement from those who attend hunts but in no way support them.

THE SIZE OF FARMS.—Mr. W. J. Edmonds, giving evidence before the Royal Agricultural Commission, said, "I consider a farm of 3,000 acres about the limit of what a man can manage as a rule, though men of exceptional energy could look after more. I think such a farm could be managed more economically than if it was broken up into ten 300-acre farms. In spite of this I notice as a result of the agricultural depression a tendency to take the smaller and less valuable farms. This tendency appears to be quite independent of the difference between arable and pasture. In bad years, however, the small farms lose proportionately quite as much as the large ones."

FARM PROFITS AND RECENT SEASONS.—The same witness said he had paid a rent of 2,900*l.* during seven years, when his net losses had been 1,200*l.* a year. The rent was now reduced to 2,400*l.*, out that would still leave 700*l.* a year to the bad. The worst years were 1875, 1876, and above all 1879. In 1877, 1878, and 1880 he had lost money, but not to any serious extent.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—A nest of young hedge-sparrows has been seen at Great Wilbraham.—At Melrose, the other day, a crow was observed to swoop down and catch a small fish swimming in the Tweed. The fish was about six inches long, and the crow took it up into a tree to eat it.—At the Bridge of Earn, in Perthshire, a white sparrow has been seen by many persons. We are glad to say that no one has succeeded in capturing or killing him, though this has not been for want of efforts in that direction.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Mr. Gibson, of Sunderland, has recently won an action, and recovered 30*l.* damages for injury done to his trees and crops by the sulphurous fumes of Messrs. Kirtley's brickworks.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

A VERY amusing book for odd moments is "Here and There: Quaint Quotations," selected by H. L. Sidney Lear (Rivingtons). The extracts are well chosen, and it is just the work to lay on one's table, and take up at intervals. But why, oh! why, did the editor omit, "Mr. Leach made a speech, angry, short, and wrong"?

It would seem that the author of "Bits of Life" (Trübner) agrees with Macbeth as to the most suitable use of physic; also that he has, at least, some acquaintance with Greek; and not a very intimate one with common English, judging from this elegant passage,—

But with his knuckles gently taps,
And bare a moment does elapse
Before the door is opened wide;

Or are we to suppose that "elapse" means "slip away," and that "bare" is an adjective and describes the state of Charles, who stepped hurriedly on the doorstep, and most properly sought shelter? The verse does not call for criticism. The story is a rather comic one, of two stupid young sceptics, one of whom was blessed with a maiden aunt—a dear, genial old soul addicted to praying at him by name before her assembled domestics. Pleasant for Charles!

We have also to acknowledge a second and revised edition of "The Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk," by George Houghton (Trübner); a poem based on the story immortalised by Adam Oehlenschlaeger in his glorious tragedy of *Axel and Valborg*, which some one, as wisely as wittily, called "The Romeo and Juliet of the North."

"Poems," by Percy Tunnicliff Cowley (Trübner), was probably intended chiefly for private circulation, and is evidently the work of an inexperienced writer. But it contains some graceful songs, which might not be unsuited for music.—"Down by the Old Grey Sea" is about the best of these. For the more ambitious pieces we cannot say much; it is a perilous experiment for an untried verse-writer to attempt the origination of novel metres, and in such efforts as, for instance, "Not Lost, But Gone Before," it is impossible to see in what the style differs from ordinary prose.

There is, perhaps, rather more of promise than performance in "Songs of Study," by William Wilkins (C. Kegan Paul); still what there is gives fair reason for believing that the author may, with more mature powers, produce some verse which shall make its mark. At present the influence of Mr. Swinburne and his school is a little too apparent; but when the author abandons his model, and dares to be natural, he is not only seen at his best, but makes us feel that the singers of Ireland are not extinct as a race. Were there less of positive merit in the book, the circumstances of its dedication would almost remove it from the pale of criticism; as it is, we may praise highly such pieces as "Dei Gratia" and "A March Whistle," whilst—strange to say—the most ambitious piece in the volume, "Ail Mavrish," is also by far the best. It has the true idyllic spirit, joined to an elegiac tenderness which would alone have been enough to rivet attention; and there is real dramatic power of no mean order in such a passage as that beginning "The church was black," describing the Vespers during the plague. If Mr. Wilkins will only believe in himself, we think that he will yet do noteworthy work.

A pretty and rather quaint volume is "The Anchor of Hope—The Haven of Peace," by the Rev. J. R. Macduff, D.D. (Marcus Ward).—It consists of Scriptural quotations, with appropriate original verses, for every morning and evening of the month, the two sections beginning at opposite ends of the book. The object is to teach the duty and comfort of hope, and each page is embellished with a graceful floral bordering coloured in delicate tints; it would make a good present for the New Year.

"The Shadow of Sin Across the Sunbeam of Faith, and Other Poems," by Paul Percival ("Modern Press"), is an extraordinary production. The chief piece, a drama in what the author apparently supposes to be blank verse, is intended to teach, first, that "a priest may be fallible"—which nobody out of Bedlam ever disputed; and secondly, that "all authority in spiritual matters is wrong,"—which peculiar theory seems to tend towards chaos. A Romish priest persuades a loving wife to poison her sceptical husband, and then throttles the lady herself, after which we are led to understand that he passed by way of the scaffold to supreme bliss. By the bye, the punishment for petty treason was not hanging but burning alive, if, indeed, the fair Magdalen had escaped being boiled to death. Of the other pieces the only one noteworthy is "The Irish Distress"—this is stated to have been a prize poem, and the thought occurs, what can the unsuccessful attempts have been like.



THE BENCH AND THE BAR.—An unfortunate misunderstanding arose at the Worcester Assizes the other day between Mr. Justice North and certain members of the Bar, whom his lordship accused of "dishonourable practice" in applying to him for the adjournment of a case, without saying that a like application had been refused by Mr. Justice Lopes. This drew from Mr. Powell, Q.C., a vigorous protest on behalf of himself and fellow members of the circuit, and a few days afterwards, at Stafford, Mr. Justice North publicly withdrew the charges, and expressed his regret for having made them. Mr. Powell, in response, thanked his lordship for the act of justice thus performed, and assured him of the continuance of that respect from them to which he and the rest of Her Majesty's judges are so justly entitled.

PRISONERS AND COUNSEL.—An important announcement was last week made at Reading by Mr. Justice North, and reiterated by Mr. Justice Lopes at Worcester, to the effect that the Judges had recently had under consideration the practice followed by some defending counsel in making statements in their clients' behalf which they were not prepared to prove by competent witnesses; and that they had agreed that the practice ought not to be encouraged. Mr. Justice Lopes added that there was no intention to infringe on the rights of counsel, whose proper course would be that which until recently had been invariably adopted—to give any such explanation by way of hypothesis.

BANKRUPTCY REFORM.—At a meeting of the Law Amendment Society on Monday, two papers were read on this subject. The first by Mr. J. Motteram, Q.C., who said that Mr. Chamberlain's Bill had received and was entitled to the good opinion of the country generally; great pains having been taken to simplify the methods of procedure, and to provide efficient working at reduced

cost. The second paper was by Mr. Harold Brown, who recommended amongst other things the establishment of a strong Court with judges (not deputies), having penal powers as well as civil jurisdiction, subject to a rapid appeal at a higher and final Court.

THE SALE OF POISONS.—A chemist at Kennington has been fined 40*s.* and costs for selling a solution of hydrate of chloral without labelling it "Poison." His counsel contended that the Government stamp attached to it as a patent medicine put it outside the meaning of the Act, and a case was granted for a superior Court. The quantity sold was 264 grains, the dose ordered 22 grains, whilst it was stated that 30 grains had been known to kill.

A CURIOUS LIBEL CASE, in which both plaintiff and defendant were members of the religious body known as the "Plymouth Brethren," has just been settled in the Court of Queen's Bench. It was shown that the plaintiff, being called as an expert witness in a County Court action, had stated that he had been in business five years, whereas it lacked five weeks of that time. He was accused of falsehood, and after holding several meetings on the subject he was found guilty of "unrighteousness, untruthfulness, and railing," and was excommunicated. The publication of the notice concerning his expulsion was the libel complained of, for which the jury awarded 50*l.* damages.

"THE MONARCH OF THE MEADOWS," Mr. Sidney Cooper's picture, which was stolen from its owner, Mr. J. D. Allcroft, of Lancaster Gate, has been found in the possession of one David Atkins, a dealer of Bayham Street, Camden Town, who is now in custody on suspicion of having been concerned in the robbery.

THE CITY OF GLASGOW BANK.—Mr. James Nicol Fleming, one of the Directors of the concern, against whom a warrant was issued some three years ago charging him with criminal mismanagement, but who then contrived to leave the country, was arrested on Monday at Manchester and taken to Glasgow.

ANOTHER VICTIM OF FALSE EVIDENCE appears in the person of a man named Davidge, who at the last Quarter Sessions at Lewes was convicted on his own confession of stealing a clock; and against whom a number of previous convictions was sworn to by a London detective. It has since been ascertained that the officer was entirely wrong, and the sentence of five years' penal servitude has therefore been reduced to one of six months' hard labour.

LEARNING A BUSINESS.—A man named Robinson is now in custody on remand charged with obtaining money by means of fraudulent advertisements, offering to teach youths a useful business on condition of security being deposited. One witness said he had placed 100*l.* in his hands on the understanding that he was to learn to be a manufacturing chemist; but all he had been taught was to fill bottles with powdered charcoal or diluted acids, to make coloured fires, and to mix sugar and salt as a preservative of butter.

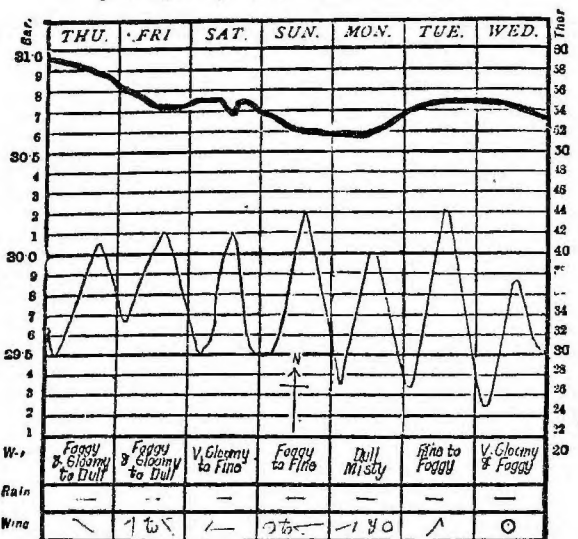
THREATENING LETTERS of more than Irish ferocity of language have of late annoyed and alarmed a certain tradesman of Covent Garden, and the police have at last arrested two men named Butcher and Morrison, who have been committed for trial on the charge of sending them. The letters were headed with "Blood, blood, blood," signed "Cut-throat Jack" and "Marwood," and contained references to a mysterious "Brotherhood" who were said to be "on his track." Besides this, a hoaxing advertisement was inserted in his name, announcing that he wanted 200 women to pack herbs; lights were dropped into his letter-box, thus setting fire to his door; and undertakers were sent to measure him for his coffin.

A CARELESS BUILDER.—The Paddington coroner has just held an inquest on the body of a little girl aged nine, who died of burns resulting from the upsetting of a lamp, which fell with the mantel-shelf upon which it had been placed, and which, being very insecurely fastened, was not strong enough to bear its weight and that of a few books. The verdict was "accidental death," but the jury added that the builder was guilty of great carelessness, and bespoke the attention of the Vestry and the district surveyor.

A MUTINY took place at the Duke Street Reformatory, Glasgow, on Wednesday last week, about fifty of the 130 boys taking part in the outbreak, and doing much damage by breaking the windows and the furniture. The police were called in to quell the disturbance, and several of the lads who escaped during the *mélée* have since been re-taken or given themselves up. Nine of the ringleaders have been sentenced to sixty days' imprisonment. The Governor, in his report, says that the Directors were mainly responsible for the disturbance, inasmuch as they had made statements to the lads which were calculated to undermine his authority. A similar outbreak is reported from the Dalkeith Reformatory, Glasgow.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

JAN. 19 TO JAN. 25, 1882 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The area of very high pressure which lay over us at the close of the week ending the 18th inst. has remained in our neighbourhood ever since, but has been gradually reduced in intensity, and the highest barometer readings are now two-tenths of an inch lower than they were then. The weather under these conditions has shown no important change beyond a clearing of the sky on one or two occasions. These occurred on the evenings of Saturday (21st inst.), on Sunday (22nd inst.), and again during the afternoon of Tuesday (24th inst.), but at other times the sky has been altogether obscured by cloud or invisible by reason of thick mists or fogs. On Sunday morning and afternoon (22nd inst.) very thick fogs prevailed in many parts of London, and on Wednesday (25th inst.) the weather was again very thick. Temperature has been a little below the average, and sharp frosts occurred on the nights of Sunday, Monday and Tuesday (22nd, 23rd, and 24th inst.); on the latter occasion the sheltered thermometer fell to 25°, while that exposed on the grass went as low as 19°. The barometer was highest (30.94 inches) on Thursday (19th inst.); lowest (30.58 inches) on Monday (22nd inst.); range, 0.36 inches. Temperature was highest (44°) on Sunday (22nd inst.) and Tuesday (24th inst.); lowest (25°) on Wednesday (25th inst.); range, 19°. No rain has fallen.

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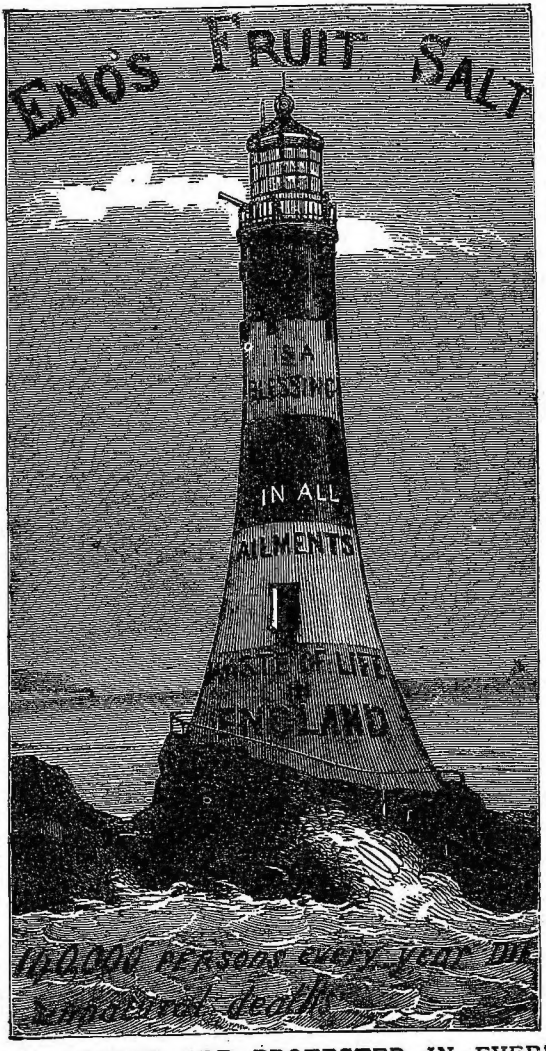
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"Sir, I am yours gratefully,
"Dr. J. HANSON, M.A."

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"Thornhill, Hampshire, March, 1881.
"For three years I have suffered from an enlarged and torpid liver; could not sleep on either side, digestion bad; in fact, my whole system was out of repair. I tried all the German waters to no effect; and after great suffering for three years, the use of ENO'S FRUIT SALT was suggested to me, and I am happy and thankful to be able to state that, after three months' use of your Fruit Salt, at bedtime and in the morning, I am perfectly restored to my usual robust health. Again I thank you for your infallible discovery.
"H. M. DILLON, J. P."

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